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### THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THE wish that there might be a Truce of God in war rumours at Christmas-time was as usual father to the thought in more quarters than one; and the purely mechanical operation of the other material which is at this time ready for hungry journalists contributed for a day or two to keep down gossip about probabilities. It would be easy, however, if it were in any way profitable, to show that the inventive energy of newspaper providers has by no means entirely succumbed to the actual pressure of Christmas, while it has risen victorious against the imminent pressure of the New Year. Many details about the old Orleanist scandal have been contributed. A good deal more has been said about Prince FERDINAND retiring from the throne of Bulgaria. The wildest rumours have been started as to the deaths of distinguished persons. Some Russian journalist, forgetting altogether (though they have translations of DICKENS in Russia) that there exists a "priory 'tachment" in Asia Minor, has promulgated the news that Russia is insisting on payment, or part payment, of her Turkish debt under penalty of compensation in Anatolia. Even the journey of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to St. Petersburg has excited a commotion abroad, though a man if he goes must go somewhere; and though no more recondite explanation of this particular journey is necessary than that Lord RANDOLPH, if guiltless of Mr. GLADSTONE's passion for self-advertisement, is, on the other hand, free from the perhaps morbid fear of being talked about. The particulars of the Galician frontier debate do not cease to provide occupation for the ingenious, and some have even gone so far as to enter into elaborate calculations of the exact squadron and battalion strength and the exact railway gauge and mileage of every addition to men or material which has been made by Russia, Germany, and Austria respectively during the last few years. Financial *canards* have joined the flock, and the Stock Exchange has felt the flapping of their wings. In other words, those whose business it is to keep up the public uneasiness have not ceased to labour in their vocation; and the public uneasiness has been sufficient, and sufficiently well founded, to make it not difficult for them to keep it up.

On one point only of these wild and whirling rumours is it necessary to make any detailed comment. Prince FERDINAND may or may not resign. But those who argue as if his resignation would make any appreciable difference in the situation show that invincible and only too common confusion between symptoms and diseases which is one of the worst afflictions from which public opinion can suffer. It has been again and again pointed out that Prince FERDINAND in himself is neither a particularly interesting nor a particularly important person. He might disappear into the blue inane without anybody greatly disturbing himself as to the mere fact of the disappearance. But he is a sign and symbol of the existence of certain things which his mere disappearance, or the substitution of another for him, would not affect in the very least. It can hardly be forgotten that "the Coburger" was by no means proposed as a sole and single choice to Russia, or that the opposition of Russia to the Coburger was nothing so little as a personal opposition. The conduct of the CZAR's Government ever since the outbreak of disorders (with or without its cognizance) in Bulgaria has been quite uniform, and has simply signified an unalterable objection to three things. The first is that the Bulgarian Prince and Principality shall be (subject to

their allegiance to Turkey) independent and self-governing. The second is that the Bulgarian Prince shall be, according to the Treaty of Berlin, acceptable to all the Powers, and not merely acceptable to Russia. The third is that the Bulgarian Prince, whoever he is, shall be some one pledged, as well as enabled by station and connexions, to be something different from a mere podesta, as HUGO'S ANGELO explains the duties of podestas very frankly in the author's least successful play—that is to say, a person whose humble duty it is to make himself unpopular in the interest of a foreign State. Personally Prince FERDINAND is nothing; symbolically he embodies the refusal of Bulgaria and the refusal of Europe to allow the Balkan State to be not only a vassal State of Russia, but a vassal State governed by inconsiderable dependents under a guise of independence. It is, of course, conceivable that stress of one kind or another may be put on Austria to make her submit to this infringement at once of treaty rights and of international decency. But the mere resignation of Prince FERDINAND would do no more good than the mere abdication of Prince ALEXANDER did. The situation would remain the same, and the diplomatic battle would begin all over again.

No one, moreover, who has the very slightest knowledge of the facts of the case can suppose that such a surrender is very likely to take place. It may take place, of course. The great States of the Continent are free to take their own course in such matters. But when what has just occurred between Germany, Austria, and Italy is remembered, it is pretty clear that the surrender on the Bulgarian question would mean a good deal more than it might appear to mean. It would, in effect, be an open acknowledgment on Germany's part that her alliances are mere alliances *pour rire*, and can be broken off by anybody's threats. Nothing new or unforeseen has arisen since the arrangement between the Italian PRIME MINISTER and Prince BISMARCK; on the contrary, that has happened in direct anticipation of which their agreement must be presumed to have taken place. It is well known that the German CHANCELLOR has disclaimed any intention of fighting for Bulgaria; but fighting for Bulgaria is a very different thing from fighting in case an ally of his is wantonly attacked because she will not yield up her clear treaty rights in the Bulgarian matter. And no one who is not *payé pour cela* is likely to be in the very least deluded by the absurd complaints of the *Invalid Russe*. Germany and Austria do not want to attack Russia, that is an ascertained fact—a fact not only ascertained, but traced to causes. They do not want to attack Russia, because Austria is still uncertain of her composite condition, because the German EMPEROR has private feelings, because not only Prince BISMARCK, but every German who is not a mere hothead, has no desire to risk great present gains for doubtful future ones, because Germany and Austria are both vulnerable by invasion, and Russia is not, or only slightly, vulnerable. It would be hard to muster up such a string of reasons why Russia should not wish to attack Austria and Germany.

But there is one consideration which is sometimes left out of sight, but which adds very greatly to the probability of war. The German constitution is often called phlegmatic, but nobody calls it either cowardly or imprudent. For twelve years past and more (it was rather different before that time), it is notorious that no provocation to war has come from Germany, and that many have come from Germany's neighbours to the west and to the east. Austria has provoked no one for a much longer period. But it may well happen that, if these two great nations and

Powers find that their pacific conduct does not secure them freedom from menaces, but, on the contrary, seems to provoke a constant condition of *paulo post futurum* danger, they may ask themselves whether it is not better to put an end to this. If they decided that it is, it is pretty well known that they would be able to count on benevolent neutrality at the least in some quarters, on considerably more than benevolent neutrality in others. The main body of the Russian Empire is, indeed, invulnerable; but some of its fringes might be torn off, to the CZAR's great damage and dishonour, and its power of threatening for the future might be almost indefinitely curtailed. The only probable ally of Russia has something more to fear and considerably more to lose. These considerations should act on both as a powerful deterrent. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed, as his manner is, has done in his latest speech all the mischief he could (it is fortunately not much) to the chances of a durable peace. He could not find fault with the actual foreign policy of Lord SALISBURY, though the fact that he himself had to adopt it during his last brief Premiership would, no doubt, not have stood in the way had there been any opportunity. But he took occasion to make one of those observations about the position of England which are taken, and rightly taken, by foreign Powers as signifying that, if Mr. GLADSTONE comes into power, England will once more become a quantity that may be neglected or insulted or robbed; and that, so long as he leads the Opposition, any active steps taken by the Ministry of the day for the country's benefit will be hampered and thwarted. Luckily, to be in a Parliamentary minority of a hundred is not, in French or German or Russian, called "riding on a flowing tide," and Mr. GLADSTONE's words may, therefore, not do much harm.

#### WAR AND ARBITRATION.

FOR several weeks the whole of Europe has been agitated by rumours of a war which, if it actually breaks out, will probably be the most destructive struggle of modern times. The armies which, according to alarmists, are about to engage in mortal contest are counted by millions, and they are armed with modern weapons so deadly that every soldier may, for purposes of slaughter, be reckoned equal to two or three of his predecessors in former years. The reasonableness of the quarrel which is to set all these forces in motion varies inversely with the terrible character of the machinery which is, according to the newspapers, about to be employed. The supposed belligerents have, for the most part, no better ground of complaint than that each of them watches with anxious dread the preparations of neighbouring Powers. It is even stated that diplomatic relations continue to be excellent, while the movements of troops convince military observers that a rupture is imminent. Lord SALISBURY, who has access to the best sources of information, told his audience at Derby that the rulers of Europe were, in his belief, without a single exception, bent on maintaining peace. He might have added that, with the possible exception of some sections of French politicians, no nation or community is at present subject to warlike excitement. There was a time when the people of a State suffered from the madness of kings. In modern times, as in 1870, the pressure which results in war is more often applied by public opinion, or rather by popular passion. If there is now neither indiscreet zeal nor deliberate political contrivance, the causes of the prevailing alarm are almost unintelligible. It was evident that Lord SALISBURY, while he knew that there was no sufficient reason for war, nevertheless believed that there was real and considerable danger. Some journalists, in a fit of rhetorical despair, propose to make the expectation of war a reason for plunging into the contest. It would, they say, be better to attain certainty of the worst than to linger in doubtful perplexity; yet a single battle, or perhaps a week's marching, would produce greater suffering than many months of insecure peace.

It is true that the real or supposed apprehension of war is in itself a disaster. The addition which has been made to the German reserve aggravates the heavy burden of military service which weighs upon the subjects of the German Empire. Every military council which is held at Vienna increases the financial liabilities of Austria and Hungary. It is probable that the Russian preparations, though they are not known in detail, are not less costly. According to certain theorists a remedy might have been applied to the

recent or actual troubles of Europe which has not yet suggested itself either to the principals or even to their advisers. About the time when the irritation between France and Germany was revived by various accidental causes, and when large bodies of Russian cavalry were said to be approaching the frontier of Galicia, a respectable English deputation, including several members of Parliament, visited Washington for the purpose of presenting a memorial to the President of the United States. The delegates believed that they brought with them a panacea for war and all the evils which follow in its train. The substitution of peaceable litigation for trials of strength would not only relieve nations from the risk of expense and bloodshed, but it would also enable the great States of Europe to reduce or abolish their formidable and expensive armaments. The President, as might have been expected, received the deputation with courtesy, and professed to agree with the general suggestions of the memorial. His countrymen have probably no prejudice against a mode of settling disputes which produced results so agreeable to their national feelings in the Geneva Award. As no legislative measure or diplomatic undertaking was proposed, the address to the President excited neither opposition nor active support. The interference of a few harmless busybodies in a question of national or international policy did neither good nor harm, and it is already almost forgotten.

The expediency of arbitration is already recognized by the public law of Europe; and probably the United States would have concurred in the most useless clause of the Treaty of Paris in the year 1856. The English Government, probably for the purpose of humouring a popular fancy, instructed their Plenipotentiary, Lord CLARENDON, to propose a resolution to the effect that the States assembled in Congress pledged themselves to submit future quarrels to arbitration before they resorted to the final remedy of war. Lord CLARENDON's colleagues in the peace negotiations might, if they had thought fit, have reminded him that the Russian war, which had not ended, could scarcely have been prevented by any kind of amicable arrangement. The Plenipotentiaries, nevertheless, acquiesced in an agreement which, as they probably anticipated, would become inoperative as soon as occasion for its application arose. Three years afterwards the Emperor NAPOLEON attacked Austria, without affecting to raise any issue which could have been referred to judicial decision. No arbitrator could have taken into consideration the dangers which were revealed by the murderous attempt of ORSINI. The battles of Magenta and Solferino were practical awards of fortune in favour of France and Sardinia; and the danger of an attack on the Quadrilateral and of a rupture with Prussia effectively limited the demands of the claimant in the litigation. An arbitrator would have certainly held that, according to treaties, Lombardy belonged to Austria and not to Piedmont. The liberation of Italy was consistent with general expediency and political justice, but not with the law of Europe as it existed at the beginning of the war. In truth, the legal merits of an international dispute are almost always on the side of the defendant. The invader of a territory generally hopes to change its ownership and not to vindicate a lawful title of his own.

The six weeks' war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 profoundly modified the political condition of Germany and of Europe, but it was determined by a comparison of forces and not in accordance with legal rights. Austria was excluded from the German Confederation in defiance of the Treaty of Vienna, and Holstein, Schleswig, and Hanover became part of the Prussian monarchy, which never pretended to have any prior claim to their allegiance. The still greater war of 1870 could not have been prevented by any reference to arbitration. Members and managers of Peace Societies are perhaps not to be expected to study history, but they would do well to notice and remember the lessons which are taught by current newspaper reports. On the present occasion they have not for the first time abdicated their functions by watching the course of events without any attempts to exercise an impossible influence. It is well that they should abstain from remonstrances which perhaps might be offensive to foreign Governments. No philanthropist would be guilty of the impertinence of insisting that Austria should be satisfied with any Russian statement as to the reinforcement of the garrisons of the Western provinces. An arbitrator who should undertake to determine the strength of the armies to be maintained on either side of the frontier would present a singular spectacle. Every Power has a technical right to select the stations of

its troops at its own pleasure, as long as it abstains from trespassing on neighbouring territory. If, nevertheless, the movements of the Russian army threaten Austria or Germany, the danger may possibly justify hostile measures.

It may be said in excuse for idle projects of arbitration that they are at least innocuous; but in practice they are exclusively promoted by English theorists, and they are calculated to hamper the discretion of the English Government alone. Prince BISMARCK would probably refuse an audience to any amateur politician who might propose a judicial inquiry into any portion of his policy. English Ministers are less independent, because they have followers to conciliate. It may be hoped that, even if the complications on the Continent lead to war, England will be able to keep clear of the struggle; but it is not certain that a policy of abstention would be practicable, and any reasons which might suggest the expediency of taking a part might not be popularly intelligible. It is highly improbable that a quarrel with any State would present a simple issue. Perhaps there is some security against an unreasonable reliance on arbitration in the probable reluctance of the adverse litigant to accept a judicial decision. There is another objection to dependence on arbitrators in their inability to enforce their decisions. An award which might be morally binding on England might probably be rejected by an opponent who might be disappointed by the result of an inquiry. It is extremely unlikely that any war will commend itself to the judgment of Englishmen unless it is absolutely necessary. There is no other Great Power of an equally peaceable disposition. On the whole, it is better to rely on diplomacy than on formal litigation. It is true that the intervention of an arbitrator may sometimes render a premeditated surrender comparatively plausible and decorous. There are other instances in addition to that of the Geneva arbitration in which a premeditated defeat has been intentionally incurred. The reference to the PORE of the dispute between Spain and Germany on the Philippine Islands was arranged for the purpose of admitting the Spanish claims.

#### AMOK.

A MONOGRAPH on amok would be an interesting piece of work. If one race, the Malays, have a kind of voluntary madness all to themselves, then the disease is even more curious than if research can establish its existence among other peoples, though these examples would be curious too. The nearest thing in nature to a Malay running amok is the conduct of an elephant who goes "must." Both do all the violent mischief in their power without notice or warning. Neither is usually spared, when he returns to a calmer frame of mind, by way of seeing whether his reformation will endure or whether he will relapse. The peculiarity of amok is that, though the result of a momentary passion, it seems to depend, in the Malay's mind, on a reasonable belief that to run amok is, in certain circumstances, the right thing to do. It is inconceivable that sudden news of the death of a relative should naturally prompt any man to murder every human being he meets. No; amok is a convention, though a queer one, like poetry, or any other art. Civilized man writes *In Memoriam* where the Malay runs out and slices all and sundry. Both performances are charms against grief, and at the same time are expressions of emotion. But when civilization wears mourning and writes poetry, and when most uncivilized tribes also wear mourning, blacken their faces, tear their clothes, and perhaps hack themselves with knives, the Malay—and he alone—hacks other people.

A good case of amok is reported in the *Times*. It occurred at Singapore. A Malay Hadji named IBRAHIM, a kind of Malay Cook, who personally conducted pilgrimages, got a letter from Mecca to announce the death of his daughter. We do not learn that he had previously been a frantic and uncontrollable Hadji. But when he received the melancholy news his grief took the form of violent and indiscriminate anger against the human race. His daughter was dead, why should any one any longer live? The question was resolved into a purpose. He seized his "cursed Malayan creese," and stabbed the owner of the house, who chanced to be present. A boy who was there fled, and with great presence of mind bolted the door outside. It might be thought that the difficulty of getting out would give the incensed Malay time to reflect, and that his homicidal mania would die away. Far from

that, the Malay escaped by the roof, went into a house, stabbed two women, returned to the street, killed a Chinaman, attacked some other persons, and was finally knocked down with a pole by a plucky native policeman. He had wounded six persons and killed three outright in a very few minutes. He soon calmed down, and, when asked why he had acted thus, he said that he did not know. It seems very unlikely that he will ever give a rational account of his mental condition and motives. We may conjecture that, if running amok was not a kind of recognized thing in Malay society, he would never have done what he did.

It does not always need a great grief to make a Malay run amok. In one of his interesting books on savage life, in *Camp Notes*, we think, Mr. FREDERICK BOYLE describes his emotions when, in the woods with a Malay servant, he saw amok coming on him, the frantic passion stealing over his eyes, apparently without any occasion whatever. In this case, perhaps, the tendency was the result of opium-eating, or of bang, or haschisch. But, as a rule, amok seems the final expression of a desperate quarrel with the whole constitution of things. Possibly the custom is a survival from "Berserk's gang"—the voluntary madness of the heathen Norsemen. When Berserk's gang came upon them they howled like dogs, bit their shields, and behaved, or tried to behave, as if they were invulnerable, and indifferent to numbers or to danger. But Berserk's gang was really a profitable folly; as people yielded to the infuriated fellows—yielded even their property and their women. Probably many primitive scoundrels merely feigned the madness. In the Sagas a hero like GRETTER commonly put down these violent bullies. There is no feigning about the Malay. His amok runs its course, and when he is knocked down and manacled he "speaks quite rationally," like Hadji IBRAHIM, and forgets all about the matter. As long as amok is regarded as madness, and madness as divine, the custom is not likely to die out among a passionate people.

#### THE NEW MALTESE CONSTITUTION.

THE new Maltese Constitution is not established under favourable auspices. Much of the Colonial Empire of England has been acquired or retained in spite of carelessness or of well-meant blundering. South Africa is the most remarkable instance of mismanagement on a large scale, and Malta may claim precedence in unwise legislation among dependencies of another class. The first grave mistake committed when, after the great war, Malta passed definitely into the possession of England, was to allow Italian to become the official language. The great mass of the population spoke exclusively their own dialect of Arabic, as indeed they use it to the present day. The clergy and the officials, having need of a means of communication with the outer world, might have as easily learned English as Italian. It was to English scholars that the Maltese were indebted for reducing their native language to writing. At that time the Roman Catholic priests were more friendly to the new masters of the island than to the French, who had during their brief term of occupation treated ecclesiastical privileges and property with slight respect. The English guarantee of the maintenance and local supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church has been uniformly respected; but in Malta, as in Ireland, an heretical Government inspires among the clergy but little attachment. For about twenty years Malta, including Gozo, was governed as a Crown Colony, and probably the rest of the island was regarded at home as an insignificant appendage of the fortress. Successive governors received their appointments either by favour or as rewards for their military services, and most of them were neither competent nor willing to trouble themselves with legislation. Sir THOMAS MAITLAND's personal qualities distinguished him from the ordinary series of governors; but his ideal form of administration was a popular despotism. If abuses had been systematically corrected, and the interests of the community judiciously consulted, there would probably have been for a long time no need of a representative Constitution.

About fifty years ago it was thought expedient to establish a Council, which in the first instance consisted of official persons and of nominees of the Crown. The measure can scarcely have provoked enthusiastic gratitude, and as it happened it had not a fair trial. Unfortunately Lord

GLENELG, then Secretary for the Colonies, thought fit to gratify his own ecclesiastical sympathies by making Malta the residence of an Anglican prelate who took the title of Bishop of Gibraltar. The Roman Catholic bishop, titular Archbishop of Rhodes, not unreasonably resented an encroachment which amounted to a usurpation of his spiritual dominion. In consequence the higher Roman Catholic clergy of the island discontinued the social relations which they had maintained with the Governor and the English residents. There is no part of the world in which the Romish Church exercises a more exclusive authority over the people, and from that time to the present the most powerful influence in the islands has been hostile to the Government. Lord GREY, who after an interval succeeded Lord GLENELG at the Colonial Office, aggravated the mischief by a well-intentioned effort to correct it. He appointed as Governor Mr. MORE O'FERRALL, who was both a civilian and a zealous Roman Catholic. The clerical party naturally regarded the appointment as an admission of their claims, and they insisted on describing the Romish Church in public documents as *dominante*. The Governor humoured the prejudices of the priests, and at the same time offended public opinion in England by refusing to receive Italian exiles who were at that time driven in numbers to Malta from the Two Sicilies and from the Papal dominions. There was already an admixture of elected members in the local Council, and the candidates depended wholly on the support of the bishop and clergy.

During the long period which has since elapsed, the clerical malcontents have been from time to time reinforced by un congenial allies actuated by democratic jealousy. Several Colonial Secretaries have "tinkered" the Constitution with uniform bad success. Mr. CARDWELL instructed the Governor in a document which had practically the force of a legislative enactment to defer on all fiscal and local questions to the majority of elected members. It is surprising that a prudent and experienced statesman should have failed to foresee the inevitable result which followed. The elected members took care not to fritter away their influence by voting in the Council according to the independent judgment of each member. It was more to their interest to hold beforehand a caucus, in the American sense of the word, and to ascertain the desires of a majority of their own body. They then voted as one man in the Council, probably with little regard to the public interest. The constituencies had been deteriorated by a large extension of popular suffrage. The local demagogues almost outdid their Irish contemporaries in cynical contempt for decency and order. They sometimes chose members who were not only unfit for their position, but who were ostentatiously preferred on account of the scandal which their election would cause. The Opposition described one of their own nominees as infamous, and more than one as notoriously illiterate. When the worthy representatives of an extended suffrage took their seats, some of their colleagues immediately resigned, probably with the object of rendering the transaction of business impossible. It would almost seem that the art of obstruction has been carried to higher perfection in Valletta than at Westminster. Perhaps less inconvenience arises in Malta than in England from the prevention of public business; but the majority which can neither read nor write is absolutely at the disposal of lay and clerical demagogues.

Some of the many disputes between Maltese agitators and the Imperial Government have been complicated by social jealousies between the English residents and the titled Maltese. The nobility of the island is probably the poorest in Europe, and its origin is for the most part neither illustrious nor ancient. Down to the time of the French occupation, which was immediately followed by the English conquest, the Knights who were, under the Grand Master, sovereigns of the islands, occupied the place of an aristocracy. The counts and marquises of the present day, or rather their ancestors, either bought their titles or received them from the favour of the petty Court of Valletta. It is not surprising either that they should cling to the titles which they share with the nobility of Europe, or that their narrow circumstances and their political nullity should produce indifference to their claims on the part of their English neighbours. There may have been a deficiency of tact on either part. The whole matter seems of trifling importance; but it might perhaps be worth while to detach the superior class of Maltese from the noisy multitude of patriots. One of their grievances is their exclusion from an English club at Valletta; and it is evidently impossible to overrule the votes of a voluntary association. If the aggrieved nobles

have any trace of political influence, they will not, if they are well advised, employ it for seditious purposes. Aristocratic pretensions would not be encouraged by France in the event of a change of sovereignty. There is at present no danger of any revolutionary movement which would be inconsistent with the friendly relations between Italy and England. It must also be remembered that the possession of Malta involves no interference with national rights. The Arabic-speaking inhabitants are as nearly akin to the English as to the Italians.

Sir HENRY HOLLAND will deserve great credit if the latest experiment in the manufacture of Maltese Constitutions proves to be successful. He has probably shared with his predecessors both a sincere desire to consult the wishes of the inhabitants and a well-founded conviction that the chief concern of England is to secure a great fortress and naval station rather than to meddle with the internal affairs of the occupants of a small island in the Mediterranean. It is nevertheless desirable to command, if possible, the loyalty of a body of subjects who cannot be abandoned. During the blockade of the French garrison the Maltese rendered valuable service to the besiegers, and in the contingency of another great war their aid might not be unimportant. It is also desirable to control, with as little risk of collision as possible, the large Maltese population which is spread over the coasts and ports of the Levant. Those of them who remain at home display a certain perversity in regarding the English Government with jealousy and discontent. If the Maltese would satisfy the Government that they were well affected, they would be welcome to manage their own affairs, for the most part, according to their pleasure. Their latest Constitution conforms, in most respects, to the democratic theories of the present day, though a fraction of the Council is to be elected on a higher franchise than the rest. It remains to be seen how the little Parliament will make use of its opportunities. The official members will be in a minority on all questions unless they can rally themselves the privileged section of the elected members. As the official members will be generally in the right, the prospect of their chronic impotence is not wholly satisfactory. Whether representative government is suited to such a community may appear to sceptical minds to be doubtful.

#### THE FIRE AT THE GRAND.

THE lessee of the Grand Theatre and the two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons employed about it who are thrown out of work by Wednesday night's fire are entitled to sympathy. Mr. WILMOT's loss would seem, according to the reports, to be irreparable. The employés must necessarily suffer severely, since at this period of the Christmas season they cannot have much hope of finding speedy employment elsewhere. By this time the theatres have filled up all the places on their staff. That it was fortunate the fire broke out some two hours after the performance was over is a statement which nobody will contradict. Even, however, if it had happened earlier, the Grand would have burnt with less danger to the audience than most London houses. Unless the spectators had displayed an almost incredible degree of folly and cowardice, they would have found it easy to leave the building. There was certainly no theatre in London of which it would be less necessary to point out how fortunate it was that the fire occurred when the building was empty. Without wishing that ill-luck may happen to anybody in particular, we will go so far as to say that, if there was to be a fire, even without loss of life, in a London theatre in the middle of Wednesday night, we are sorry that it happened at this particular building. As there has been no loss of life there will, under our present system of dealing with fires, be no thorough inquiry into the causes of the disaster, and no attempt to fix the responsibility for it. And yet in the general interest of the public an inquiry ought certainly to be held. The Grand had the reputation of being a well-fitted theatre, and yet there were no means of dealing with the fire when it was discovered in the gridiron. The hose could not reach it, and, in spite of the fireman's efforts, the flames spread over the whole roof so rapidly that the building was in a blaze and flaming beyond control before the fire-engines were on the spot. The fire is attributed to a spark from the gas, which is supposed to have ignited some of the scenery. From these two statements, which

are said to be based on the authority of the lessee himself, it appears that even in a well-equipped London theatre there may be no means of dealing with a fire when it breaks out where a fire is very likely to occur, and that no efficient precautions may be taken to prevent sparks flying from the gas to masses of paint and canvas which are as inflammable as dry straw. That this should have been possible after the dreadful warning at Exeter is further proof of the little confidence playgoers can put either in the present licensers of theatres or in the competence of managers to adopt proper precautions against fire. We do not accuse Mr. WILMOT of neglect. He had no interest in omitting precautions, but very much the reverse. He and his family lived in the building, and were in fact the only persons whose lives were endangered by the fire. Still the fact remains that the Grand has been gutted by a very rapid and unmanageable conflagration, because fire was allowed to get in the way of tinder, and there were no sufficient means of applying water to the flames at the beginning. These are considerations of some gravity. There ought at least to be some inquiry as to whether this was inevitable. It will be an undoubted neglect if no proper inquiry is held simply because there has been no loss of life.

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#### MR. GLADSTONE'S FAREWELL SPEECH.

WE are all agreed that it is very wrong of any one to snowball Mr. GLADSTONE. The punishment is either too great or too little for him; and the practice of snowballing those who cannot conveniently return the missiles is altogether to be reprobated. Ill manners, moreover, are not the proper reply to ill deeds; and Kent has made much the best possible reply to Mr. GLADSTONE by not returning one solitary supporter of his in all her numerous band of Parliament-men. Besides, if by any chance (such as those terrible ones of anecdote) a snowball had literally stopped Mr. GLADSTONE's breath, one more speech of his on Home Rule would have been lost, and every speech of his on that subject is a gain to the Unionist cause. Lord GRANVILLE, who is accustomed to speak intelligible English, seems to have adopted some other tongue on Tuesday, if he is truly reported to have informed the men of Dover that Mr. GLADSTONE had "given them a flavour of mental and physical strength" that afternoon. Perhaps Lord GRANVILLE said "taste"; but that does not matter. We should not ourselves have said that the thing of which Mr. GLADSTONE gave most "flavour" was mental and physical strength, except in one respect. Hardness rather than strength is the metaphorical quality usually predicated of a certain kind of assertion, affirmation, or swearing, and of this hardness it may certainly be said that Mr. GLADSTONE gave almost more than a flavour. There was much of it in the reference to the Lord STANHOPE of a hundred years ago, a nobleman who has not generally been regarded as exactly personifying the cool reason and the tried political abilities of the English peerage. There was more in the reference to those "foul, base, and unworthy" means of procuring the Union which, in large part at any rate, have been demonstrated to exist only in such congenial atmospheres as the imaginations of GRATTAN, O'CONNELL, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself. There was yet more in the reference to WORDSWORTH's designation of Kent as "the vanguard" of liberty, considering the already referred to and quite unmistakable demonstrations (we do not mean the snowballs) of Kentish opinion as to where liberty is and where tyranny is in the debate of the present hour. On some points, indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE resorted to different tactics—to tactics somewhat more generally associated with his name than the tactics of hard assertion. It is impossible to refuse some admiration to the man who pleads earnestly that his party did not resort to Parliamentary obstruction at the period of the Jingo excitement, and has not resorted to factious comments on foreign policy during the last eighteen months. It is as though a man who is charged with forgery in March and burglary in April were to argue and bring a crowd of witnesses to prove that during March he never touched a jemmy, and in April simply did not possess a pen.

But the bolder way, the "flavour of mental and physical strength," as Lord GRANVILLE has it, no doubt characterized the greater part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. It was particularly apparent in two things—his remarks on Lord SALISBURY's remarks as to Protection, and his remarks as to history. He says that Lord SALISBURY spoke in ambiguous

and hesitating tones at Derby on the subject of Fair-trade and Protection. This is perhaps a little audacious in the case of a speech which contained the frankest possible declaration of disbelief in Protection, and which in reference to Fair-trade is only open to the objection that its method of dealing with that subject was apparently borrowed from a favourite method of Mr. GLADSTONE's own. If Mr. GLADSTONE is really under the impression that Lord SALISBURY's language was ambiguous, he should ask some Fair-trader or Protectionist (if, indeed, we can suppose him consorting or communicating with any such persons before the time when they can promise him a majority, or at least a solid body of votes). He will scarcely find in those quarters the satisfaction with Lord SALISBURY which even ambiguity in Lord SALISBURY's utterances would undoubtedly have caused. Still the history was the chief thing. It is very interesting to note that the accession of that eminent historian Dr. KITCHIN to the Home Rule camp has been followed by such an increased confidence in the historical method. If the *post* be also *proper* we may, with perhaps unwise generosity, remind the party that another great historian and doctor—Dr. GOLDSMITH—was strongly against evictions. But we should imagine that even Dr. KITCHIN, however fervent his Gladstonianism, may have some difficulty in accepting Mr. GLADSTONE's reference to his own special branch of the subject. Mr. GLADSTONE says that "it is not true that France has been consolidated by putting together pieces which for centuries resisted the consolidation." From which we learn, for instance, that there is no such place as Britanny; that it is not now a part of France; and, more generally, that the whole history of that country, as taught by all historians, including even that successor of GIBBON the Dean of WINCHESTER, is wrong. No such persons as RICHELIEU, LOUIS XI., HENRI IV., MAZARIN, ever lived, or, if they ever lived, they had nothing to overcome. No one within the French territory, as now constituted, ever dreamt of calling himself anything but a Frenchman. From this new history of France we turn to the announcement that autocratic Russia "allows Finland her legislature and free institutions"—as if England would be in the same position as the Czar; as if the well-known reason for keeping Finland in good temper were balanced by the existence of any Sweden on the other side of a narrow strait west of Galway; and as if, only the other day, the charms of Home Rule had not been exhibited by a serious proposal on the part of divers Finns that Finland should be allowed to be neutral in the event of a war between England and Russia. Of Austria and Hungary enough has been said. But that even Mr. GLADSTONE should quote Sweden and Norway, which hate each other like cat and dog, and where Norway is in a state of chronic battle with the Crown and the Crown's Ministers, is sufficiently surprising. There is, indeed, a flavour of mental and physical strength about such history as this.

But (for to make a rigid severance between history domestic and history foreign is perhaps, in some distinguished eyes, nearly as bad as to make severance between history ancient and history modern) Mr. GLADSTONE did not confine himself to surveying foreign mankind from the point of view of the Home Ruler turned historical novelist. He attacked Lord SALISBURY's summary of Irish history itself with a reference to Lord BEACONSFIELD's novels, which supplies a curious confirmation of the gossip to the effect that Mr. GLADSTONE never could forgive either the existence or the circulation of those agreeable works. Lord GRANVILLE was particularly pleased with this part of his friend's speech, from which we may draw additional confirmation of the fact that Lord GRANVILLE's own studies have not been much in the, it must be admitted, not particularly attractive subject of Irish history. Lord GRANVILLE even tells us that Mr. GLADSTONE will come back to it, and, as he is working backwards from the Union in acquiring some knowledge of the subject himself, perhaps he may. But it was in the course of this reference that the most miraculous passage occurred. Mr. GLADSTONE "could not but observe that, in the speeches and the writings of his opponents, the whole domain of history is usually eschewed with the utmost care." Now here is another prize for the gossips—a confirmation in form of their theory that Mr. GLADSTONE, except in the rarest cases, never reads what his opponents write or say. For, as a matter of fact, the Unionist speakers and writers have from the very first quoted history, and recommended history, and hurled history at the heads of their opponents, until they were almost ashamed. Not one single historian of

eminence and special acquaintance (for Ireland is not in Mr. FREEMAN's period, or only in the extreme end of it, and it is not in Dr. KITCHIN's country) is on the Home Rule side; and as for amateur historians, like Mr. GLADSTONE himself, Dr. INGRAM can tell us what their knowledge of its sources is worth. We can only suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE's and Lord GRANVILLE's counter-challenge is prompted by a well-known motive. "Search me; pray, do!" says the conscious but cunning thief, in hopes (not always to be deceived) that his mere offer will be taken as a proof of innocence. "Look at history," says Mr. GLADSTONE, probably in the not ill-grounded confidence that this is the last thing any Home Ruler will think of doing.

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"THE NECESSARY ELEMENT OF NON-ATTRACTIVENESS."

THE very able and interesting letter from Mr. TALLACK, of the Howard Association, which appeared in Wednesday's *Times*, may be profitably studied even by excellent philanthropists like Lord MEATH. We ventured last week to inculcate a spirit of caution in considering Lord MEATH's proposals for making public gardens in London, proposals which have been adopted and sanctioned by the LORD MAYOR. Twenty thousand pounds seems, of course, a modest little sum in this centre of the world's wealth, and there are not likely to be too many open spaces in an overcrowded city. It is right and proper that whenever opportunity offers a place of recreation for Londoners should be duly established and adorned. It is also a very grievous thing that men able and willing to work should be condemned to idleness and pauperism. Amiable people, who can put two and two together, and even make the result five, take these twin propositions as the key to the social problem. Here, they say, is a job to be done. There are the men to do it. What more do you want? What we want is to be convinced that the bridge is a solid one, that the conclusion follows from the premisses, that six months hence an appreciable number of persons will be better off for these gardens having been laid out. The objection to all relief works, to which public gardens are as open as public roads, is that they aim at combining incompatible things. They are partly charitable schemes and partly commercial undertakings. The object of charity is to feed a certain number of mouths. The object of business is to get a certain amount of labour performed. Operations may be conducted on either principle. They cannot be conducted on both. Common sense suggests, and experience proves, that relief works always proceed on the eleemosynary system; that they are kept on long after the need for them, if it ever existed, has ceased; and that they are therefore invariably mischievous. But there is another point, which it might have been thought that the failure of the Mansion House Fund two years ago would have impressed upon the official mind once for all. Whatever steps are taken for the alleviation of distress should be taken in the least ostentatious manner possible, so as to avoid the ugly rush of importunate applicants for the last new thing in philanthropy. It is said that only those who have lived for six months in London are to be employed upon these gardens. This information should be given to that distinguished marine, the Jew ARELLA. The conductors of great central works must be totally unable to verify the statements and inquire into the circumstances of those whom they engage. The Public Gardens Association is an admirable body, and in its own sphere we have the greatest respect for it. But these advertisements of employment for idle hands are as mischievous as if they were issued by Satan himself.

Mr. TALLACK's happy phrase, which we have put at the head of this article, is even more applicable to occupation for the unemployed than to those social ploys detested by Sir GEORGE LEWIS. The least careful organizer of "funds" and "works" would scarcely, we presume, wish to compete successfully with the terms offered in ordinary trades. All the abuse so freely lavished upon the Poor Law of 1834 cannot get rid of the fact that the workhouse test does at least keep off the rates those who merely wish to be comfortable at the expense of their neighbours. It is, however, quite true, as Mr. TALLACK says, that the test is least efficacious in the worst cases, the cases of those "shameless" and "reckless" persons who "willingly become life-inmates" of union-houses. In this respect the Dutch law, of which he gives a valuable account, seems to be more judicious than

our own. While, on the one hand, sending beggars to prison, which is no doubt the best place for most of them, the Dutch authorities have set up an extensive but discriminating system of outdoor relief. In England Board of Guardians may refuse to give outdoor relief altogether, and although this power is very seldom used, there is far too little resort to the wise and economical practice of making up the wages of those who can do something, but not enough, for the support of themselves and their families. The consequence of the niggardly stupidity with which Guardians treat cases of this kind is that many are driven into the "house" who do not want to go there, and thus, among other ill effects, the rates are needlessly raised. There are no workhouses, as we understand the word, in Holland. The poor are, in the first place, relieved by the Churches of various denominations, under legal control, and in the last resort by the State itself. *Laumône de la direction*, of which Mr. TALLACK speaks, the charity of advice, is a recognized Dutch institution. Advice is often offered and seldom taken. But this provision of Dutch law is a text on which many sermons might advantageously be preached. The late Lady DUFFERIN said of SAMUEL ROGERS that he always gave what he valued least—money, but never what he valued most—admiration. There are hundreds of people who will subscribe liberally to any sort of "movement" with which high-sounding names are connected, but who will not, even though they have abundant leisure, take any personal trouble to find out whether their subscriptions are doing more harm than good. It is open to grave doubt whether all large plans for diminishing destitution, or providing employment, do not necessarily aggravate the evil they are meant to cure. The administration of the Poor-law, which might be indefinitely improved, is the only safe method of treating pauperism in the mass. It is the unostentatious charity, grudging neither time nor labour, which really raises the condition of civilized society. To do your duty to your neighbour has the double disadvantage of being Christian and old-fashioned. Nevertheless, it is better than any number of Mansion House Funds.

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ECONOMY IN MILITARY ADMINISTRATION.

A N article which appears in this month's *Blackwood* under the title of "The War Office: Outside Departments," is very melancholy reading. Its dismal character is not the fault of the writer, but of the subject. The author has undertaken to show how our army costs us more than any other army in the world costs the State which maintains it, how it gives less in return for what is spent on it, and also to suggest various ways in which the price could be brought down. If he had been manifestly successful in this last object there would be nothing to complain of touching the cheerfulness of his paper. Unhappily it is just in this third branch of his subject that he can least be said to have proved his point. He has triumphantly shown that we disburse much more than the Germans, for instance, and get in return a military machine which not only could not put a great force into the field, but could not supply any army at all without a great deal more outlay and much delay. On those points we take it there will be no inclination anywhere to disagree with him. All the world knows that the German army is a wonderful military machine of immense size, admirable organization, and, all things considered, very small cost. It may not be so perfect as it is the fashion to call it. Some of us may secretly incline to the opinion that it has not yet stood a quite satisfactory test; but it has certainly been as severely tried as any other in Europe, and has come well out of the trial. All its possible rivals have been lately reorganized so as to become as like it as possible, and it runs no great risk of meeting anything new or better than itself. When it is compared with our own, the contrast is not wholly pleasant for us.

All this we acknowledge, but when so much is granted, and we proceed to inquire how our army is to be assimilated to the German as regards economy of administration, we have to confess that we can get very little from the writer in *Blackwood*, or indeed from anybody else whom we have had the advantage of consulting. At the end of all their comments this much only is clear, that Germany is Germany, that England is England, and that their ways are very different. This is proved over again in the article in question most conclusively. Germany compels service where England buys it. Germany gives, when it must give, little in money

and pays in honour. England gives much in money and cannot get men to serve it for so little as satisfies Germans. Germany keeps men long, parts with them reluctantly, and expects them to practise a Spartan frugality. The bulk of its army serves for the reason that certain persons in striped dresses may be seen working in the neighbourhood of Dover, because they needs must, and a worse thing will happen to them if they do not. Finally, Germany—particularly since it became nearly synonymous with Prussia—is a poor and military country in which everything is subordinate to the army. England is not, and never has been, a military country, though it has been abundantly warlike in its day, and it is, and has been, already very rich. To expect England to alter her habits is to expect "pears from the elm-tree." Therefore we do not expect to see her give up the old gentlemanlike indifference to economy. When it comes to the question whether England does not spend far too much money, even when the standard of economy used is her own free-handed one, there can be only one answer. She does, and especially in her pension list, which is portentous, and is growing at a furious rate. But who is responsible for that? When the scientific soldier, among his other good deeds, abolished purchase, which kept up the flow of promotion at no cost to the State, and when he also insisted on the necessity of having plenty of young officers, he saddled his country with an enormous pension list. It is not seriously proposed, as far as we know, that the State should turn officers adrift in a penniless condition. It cannot do that. The alternative is to keep them on active service. The State could cut the pension list down, no doubt, by giving up the practice of retiring officers in the forties to make way for others. If it were to say to its officers, as Germany substantially does:—You have no rights except the right to obey orders. I require your services because I am the State. I shall promote you if I choose, and if not, then not. You stay where you are put, and do not let me hear you clamouring for more. When you are too old to work as a soldier, I shall set you to other work, and keep you at it till you are decrepit. As for the young—*juniors ad labores*—let them work in silence, and be careful not to write letters to the *Times*. Many a grey-haired captain has done good fighting in days when war was rougher work than now. Many a lieutenant has kept the middle watch in many blockades when he was nearer seventy than forty. Basta, pocas palabras!—be off, work, and swear your prayers under your breath. If the State were to go to work like this, of course it could save its money; but then how about the necessity for young officers and the rights of these gallant youths to be promoted? We cannot both conduct the army on the principles of a private business and treat it with an easy generosity. We cannot have young officers and no pensioners. Of the two alternatives we have chosen the more costly one.

#### TOUT CE QU'IL FAUT POUR ÉCRIRE.

IN his *Memorials of Sir Walter Scott*, published before LOCKHART's great book, the author, Mr. GILLIES, mentions one of the boons conferred by Scott on humanity. He set the example of placing *tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*, as the stage direction has it, in the rooms of his guests. Before Scott's time, says GILLIES, it was practically out of the question for a guest to write in even the best-appointed country houses. The chatter of the drawing-room made it impossible. The laird was in the study, and could not be disturbed. The steward might, with difficulty, hunt up a ragged old goose-quill that was not half so like a pen as a dissipated toothpick, much as "the engine of the Majesty of 'Law was not half so like a hatchet as a dissipated saw." The ink was black coagulated matter, and there was the whole equipment.

Civilization advances in various disagreeable directions, but does very little, or nothing, to make writing possible. At country houses, even now, you find some casual half-sheets of white notepaper, in an attenuated portfolio, widowed of blotting-paper. There are three envelopes of different colours from the paper in the envelope-case. The quills, by a disregard of the advice that GEORGE HERIOT gave the scrivener, are split too far up the stem. The nibs turn out like the toes of a conscientious child at a dancing-school. The ink, like the knights in COLERIDGE's poem, is dust. Writing is out of the question; and, of course,

nobody foresees the chance of paper larger than note-paper being needed. Even in town, and at home, it takes the jaded man of letters a quarter of an hour to get under weigh. We need not speak of certain newspaper offices where the boy has to be sent on five or six separate errands to bring paper, pens, ink, blotting-paper, and candles. As to wax, it is apparently regarded, especially in country houses, as a rare natural substance, like amber, *presque introuvable*, and only discovered in small "bunches" or deposits, like gold in Wales and elsewhere. This quaint freak of nature is jealously hoarded, and only doled out in small black stumps. This kind of thing has been going on ever since the servant-woman was called up so frequently in the night to provide "paper-sparing POPE" with paper. Why did she not bring a ream at once? Why are paper, pen, and ink always so scarce and commonly so inefficient? POPE doubtless became "paper-sparing" like Mr. DARWIN because he lived much in country houses. All authors, perhaps, know the daily search for paper, which is never by any accident in the same place as envelopes; the feverish cries of the thirsty Muse for "more ink"; the blotting-paper that hath lost his virtue, and converts a sheet of "copy" into a quagmire of ink, devoid of sense, and only interesting to the Browning Society. By the way, is Mr. BROWNING ill supplied with blotting-paper? and can this be the cause of the obscurities dear to the disciples of the inner court? As for pens, will mankind ever invent an endurable pen? The quill makes a dreadful noise, as DORA found when she tried to keep accounts in the presence of DAVID COPPERFIELD. Indeed, the adventures of DORA with her pens are only those of less feather-headed scribes. The quill splutters a small shower of ink, a murky drizzle, over the fingers, as over the lace ruffles that BUFFON wore when he wrote. The descending drizzle dots a hundred i's where no i should be, nor indeed is, and perplexes printers. Meanwhile the steel pen begins as badly as a lame cabhorse, and rusts readily. After an hour's work the wretched instrument needs to be taken twice over every stroke, otherwise it does not mark at all. One of its legs becomes shorter than the other. Paper is the only thing that has made an advance on birch-bark, sheets of lead, potsherds, and parchment; nor can paper bear comparison with the vellum of the past. A kind of "pad," otherwise useful, has become hairy, and the hairs cling to the pen. No fountain pen has yet proved successful. You have to blow down them, to thump them, to humour them in a dozen ways; and they explode in your pocket, and flood you with ink. The wonder is that when writing is so difficult so much is written. Nature may wisely desire to handicap authors. But it is the business of science to thwart nature, and to invent and perfect *tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*.

#### NATIONALIST TACTICS.

IT is a satisfaction to learn that the Right Reverend patron of hound-poisoners who has taken the business of boycotting under his episcopal direction in the county of Meath has been a little premature in proclaiming his triumph. The members of the Meath Hunt are not prepared to accept the humiliating terms of compromise to which they were supposed, we are glad to learn through a misconstruction of the Master's action, to have given their assent. It was scarcely judicious, perhaps, on the part of Mr. TROTTER to communicate, even confidentially, to Dr. NULTY the fact of the LORD-LIEUTENANT's offer to withdraw from the Hunt, and something more than injudicious to reduce the statement to writing at the Bishop's request; but it may charitably be hoped that he was quite guiltless of any intention of negotiating through the Bishop with the Navan boycotters for leave to continue foxhunting on condition of Lord LONDONDERRY's self-exclusion from the sport. In any case, however, the step, it now appears, was taken entirely on his individual responsibility, and at the recent meeting of the club the interpretation placed upon it was unanimously repudiated. Dr. NULTY's long letter of self-justification for having communicated Mr. TROTTER's statements, without, as he admits, the express permission of the writer, to the Navan "Convention," need not prevent us from describing his conduct as of that order which among laymen would be described as "sharp practice"; but, judging by the usual tactics of the Nationalists, we ought to be thankful perhaps that it is no worse. In

comparison, for example, with such a highly artistic performance as is to be reckoned to their credit in the case of Lord ELY and his rents, any little irregularity like that of which the Bishop of MEATH has been guilty seems quite a tame affair. Lord ELY, it was alleged the other day in the Irish and English Parnellite press, after having absented himself from his estates in Ireland for ten years, at last paid them a visit a short time ago, and was so struck with the exorbitance of his rents that he reduced them, not by 20 per cent. as he had been solicited to do, but by 50. The first half of this twofold perversion of the facts belongs, it is true, to a primitive style of art. Since 1877 the ten-year absentee has, he states, spent "part of five summers in Ireland on both his estates." But the second half is much more ingenious; consisting, indeed, of one of those assertions in which adherence to literal truth is made to do the work of the grossest falsehood. For it turns out that Lord ELY's tenants owed him two years' rent, and that the so-called reduction of 50 per cent. was merely "the forgiveness of one year's rent on payment of the other"; an arrangement which, however it may testify to the landlord's belief in the impossibility of obtaining the whole of his arrears, has about as little to say to the question of the moderate or excessive character of the present rents as can well be imagined.

These, to be sure, are the tactics of the thoroughgoing Nationalists; but even those who are beginning to be suspected of lukewarmness in the cause do not come far behind them in like arts of controversy. The *Freeman's Journal* is in extremely bad odour just at present with the Parnellite Ultras—probably because a limited company has proved to be something like a council of war in respect of giving battle—and no words are now considered hard enough for that backsliding print by some of its former friends. Yet there is still enough of the Old Adam in the *Freeman's Journal* to make its conductors behave themselves in their recent correspondence with Mr. GOSCHEN in a manner thoroughly characteristic of the Irish patriot when he is asked to perform a simple act of reparation. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER called upon the newspaper to withdraw the charge against him of having "gone up and down England declaring that Mr. O'BRIEN 'deserved five years' penal servitude,'" and was duly informed in a leading article that these words, which had fallen from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, were attributed, "by a 'slip of the pen,' to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Whether the writer's pen also slipped when he described even Sir RICHARD WEBSTER as going 'up and down England 'declaring' something which was 'said by him once, and 'then without premeditation, in answer to an interjection 'from his audience,' we are not informed; but, if it did, we should strongly recommend him never again to use a pen which could play him so extraordinary a trick as that. But it was surely a slip of something else than the pen on Mr. DWYER GRAY's part to have made this handsome apology still handsomer by adding the suggestion that Mr. GOSCHEN, not having repudiated Sir RICHARD WEBSTER's words, might be regarded as having tacitly endorsed them—or, as Mr. GOSCHEN himself put it, that his "not repudiating a sentiment casually expressed on 'a single occasion by a fellow-Minister is equivalent to 'habitually expressing that sentiment himself.'" This unbecoming addition, however, to the simple withdrawal of a wholly groundless and grossly careless accusation does not content Mr. GRAY. He must needs retort upon Mr. GOSCHEN by charging him with having accused the staff of the newspaper of complicity with the forgery of telegrams by which it had been attempted at one time to "destroy the 'significance of the Unionist meeting in Dublin," and at another time to "interrupt the course of justice in other 'parts of Ireland." The very circumstance that Mr. GOSCHEN coupled this latter, though chronologically earlier, case of forgery—that of the telegram sent to Captain STOKES at Midleton on the 31st of October—with the former, would have alone sufficed to show that he intended to bring no specific accusation of complicity with either fraud against any person connected with the *Freeman*. Mr. GRAY, however, of course lost no time in taxing him with so doing, and Mr. GOSCHEN, having had his attention called to the report of a passage in his speech, the words of which were, in his opinion, open to the injurious construction in question, expressed his regret that they should have lent themselves to that interpretation, and frankly disclaimed all intention of insinuating any such charge. Mr. GRAY, being now fully equipped for "riding off," at once responded with

a complaint against Mr. GOSCHEN for not having made this disclaimer immediately on the appearance of the article of so-called "withdrawal" in Mr. GRAY's newspaper; to which Mr. GOSCHEN very naturally replied that, as he was not aware of any words used by him which appeared to convey the imputation complained of, he could hardly until these words and their misconstruction were pointed out to him have disclaimed it. And this Mr. GRAY twists into an admission on Mr. GOSCHEN's part that, "when he makes a grave accusation against a political opponent, and when the character of that accusation is pointed out to him, and he is invited to substantiate or to withdraw it, he does not consider it any portion of his duty even to ascertain whether his language was of the unjust character attributed to him!" Which delightful begging of the whole question in the words "when you make a grave accusation" may be most concisely dealt with by replying that, if Mr. GOSCHEN had been conscious of having made such an accusation, he would not have needed to "ascertain whether his language was of the character ascribed to it"; while if, as was the case, he was not conscious of having made, and was conscious of not having intended, any such accusation, he was distinctly justified in waiting till the specific words supposed to contain it were pointed out to him.

This desperate anxiety to gain small controversial advantage by unfair means is, however, not more than is to be expected from a party which is losing temper as fast as it is losing ground. Such obstinate perversity as is being shown by the Fenian section of the Gaelic Athletic Association is enough to drive the whole clerical army of Anarchists, from archbishop down to parish priest, to absolute exasperation. What is the use of attempting to "guide" a revolutionary movement, in the capacity of spiritual father to the revolutionists, if, directly a section more violent than the rest springs up among them, the spiritual father finds himself nowhere? What P.P. can look without disgust and apprehension on the possible contingency of finding himself placed in the humiliating position of Father SHEEHY? Nothing could be plainer than the alternative put before the Gaelic Athletic Association at their meeting the other day in Limerick. If, they were told, they went on the old lines—if, that is to say, they elected their former chairman, Mr. O'BRIEN, instead of the "moderate" candidate opposing him—Father SHEEHY "was there to tell them that the priests 'could not go with them as fellow-Gaels." And the answer to this appeal was the election of Mr. O'BRIEN by 70 votes against 59, and the secession of the Rev. Mr. SHEEHY and his friends, protesting that the meeting had been packed—a trick which seems to be almost as often played upon majorities in Ireland as that of "betrayal" used to be upon French soldiers in the campaign of 1870-71. The O'BRIEN party, however, whether they packed the meeting or not, have contrived to send Father SHEEHY and his supporters packing; and that is enough to satisfy them and maliciously to gratify some other people. As for ourselves, we cannot but welcome any new exposure of the absurd pretence that, once committed to the Parnellite agitation, the Irish priesthood or their bishops are capable of exercising any "moderating" influence whatever. The same forces which brought them in, will compel them to keep step with it, or to fall out of the ranks altogether.

#### A FAIR-TRADER'S PLAN.

WE hope, for a reason which we shall proceed to give, that Mr. J. STEWART KINCAID's letter on Fair-trade in Wednesday's *Times* will receive all the attention it deserves. With certain reservations, also to be given in their place, we have read it with admiration. Mr. KINCAID has been stirred by Lord SALISBURY's challenge to the Fair-traders, and has come forward to explain what the policy of the party with this taking name really is. The spectacle of a brave man resolutely tackling a difficult problem is always attractive; and, besides, Mr. KINCAID is not the first comer. He has, as he reminds the editor of the *Times*, had a letter on fiscal reform in the leading journal before, and a gentleman who has twice appeared in those columns is entitled to a hearing. We consider Mr. KINCAID, therefore, if not as one having authority among Fair-traders, at least as a Fair-trader of the old rock, and a typical party man. Like Lord SALISBURY we long to know what the Fair-traders do want. When one of them comes along with an explanation we read him with interest, and for that reason have lent an attentive ear to Mr. KINCAID.

On full consideration it appears to us that a Fair-trader is a person who wishes to obtain incompatible things. He is also not above carping at words. Mr. KINCAID takes Lord SALISBURY's statement that we can only feed one-third of our population, and says that, if this is true "in the widest 'Imperial sense,'" there must be something wrong with our domestic arrangements. Lord SALISBURY was speaking of Great Britain, and what is wrong with its domestic arrangements is that it is far too large to be fed by home produce alone. To leave Mr. KINCAID's manner for his matter—it appears that he is desirous of making our commerce Imperial in the widest sense, of encouraging trade between all parts of the Empire, to the exclusion of the wicked foreigners and the benefit of all HER MAJESTY's lieges. With this excellent object before him he dwells on the vast quantities of food to be obtained from India, "at least as cheap as from any other 'country.'" Well, so they can be, and so they are. It is precisely Indian corn which is beating the English farmer down to 2s. a quarter at this moment. Then, if our Colonies and India can excel the foreigner in cheapness and quantity, what is the need of legislation to help them? and how is the position of the British producer the better? Of two things, the one; either Indian corn is to come in cheap, or it is not. If it is, the English farmer is undersold as before; and, except as a matter of sentiment, it matters little to him whether it is by corn from India or from Russia. If it is not, then the price of food is raised; and how is India benefited by Fair-trade? In a sentence of an almost delightful character Mr. KINCAID, who wants to encourage Colonial and Indian produce, allows that the agricultural interest "might require special consideration." From this it appears that a Fair-trader is a person who pays himself with words. What special consideration will Mr. KINCAID give agriculture? and is it to raise the price of what we grow? Manufactures have a share of his attention, and are dealt with in sentences which we hope for his sake will not fall under the eye of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT. "It is well understood," he says, "that an import duty imposed on articles of commerce coming from certain countries of which [of 'the countries?'] there is otherwise an abundant supply 'would be paid by the foreign producer, and not by the 'consumer.'" Neither the grammar nor the sense of this sentence is without obscurity; but we take Mr. KINCAID to mean that, when the colonist and the foreigner are both prepared to sell us a given article at the same price, we can tax the latter without causing the former to raise his price. Now, except on the supposition that out of pure love to our *beaux yeux* the foreigner is going to export goods to us at a loss to himself, Mr. KINCAID's tax would raise prices. If the foreigner was driven out or hampered, the colonist (unless human nature has wonderfully altered in these latter days) would infallibly benefit in the usual commercial way by the control of the market. It is noteworthy that Mr. KINCAID, like other Fair-traders, trusts entirely to the good-nature of the Colonies to repay us by changes in their tariff for the differential duties which we are to establish spontaneously in their favour. The differential duties do puzzle Mr. KINCAID a little. In a sentence which is quite the gem of his letter, he makes this delicious admission. "It would doubtless be necessary to make some 'exceptions as regards import duties on the few important 'raw materials at present inadequately produced within 'the limits of the Empire, such as cotton, silk, &c., which 'might still be admitted free of duty from foreign countries, 'and thus relieve the manufacturing and artisan masses 'which form the majority of our industrial population 'from any doubt as to the benefit they would derive from 'the proposed revision.'" Only the real regard we entertain for Mr. KINCAID causes us to abstain from expressing a wish to hear Mr. BRIGHT on this passage. Has Mr. KINCAID or any other Fair-trader thought for a moment what this exception means, or tried to realize what a clamour there would be over its complicated working? We are afraid not, and do not therefore much expect that either he or any other will soon supply the Marquess of SALISBURY with the intelligible statement of policy he asks for.

#### THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

THE Report recently issued by the Society for the Protection of Children is painful to read, and too shocking to discuss in detail. Unfortunately there is little reason to hope that it is exaggerated, or even to believe that the

benevolent efforts of the Society succeeded in bringing to light more than an insignificant fraction of the parental cruelty which prevails. The little girl who was sent upstairs by her father to strip for a thrashing, while he enjoyed some preliminary repose on a sofa, threw herself out of the window and was picked up dead. Perhaps there was no other way of escape open to her, and, at all events, the one she chose was effectual. The father could not, of course, be legally punished, because he had not killed the child, or even beaten her. If she had recovered, it would have been very difficult to rescue her from him without making her a ward in Chancery. No doubt there is always some danger of organized bodies like this Society becoming too fussy and inquisitorial. Unnecessary interference with family life is not only mischievous in itself, but justly irritating to public opinion. Moreover, the lesson that to come between the victim and the tyrant, except decisively and once for all, does the victim more harm than good is at least as old as *Don Quixote*. It is to be feared that no legislation can really protect children from ill-usage, for the simple reason that people cannot be humanized by Act of Parliament. Even the influences of morality and religion have but an imperfect effect. If the Society were empowered tomorrow to take any boys and girls for whom they could find a home out of the custody of parents who treated them brutally, there would remain thousands of cases for which they could not provide, or of which they would never hear. The natural indignation of neighbours is probably of some avail, and the ruffian whose daughter committed suicide in circumstances which we have already described may be thankful that he was not lynched. But there is one thing which the Legislature might do. It is not a great thing, perhaps, and may even strike some people as trivial. If, however, it were enacted that the lives of children should not be insured for the benefit of their parents, one motive for getting rid of inconvenient incumbrances would disappear from the mind of the worst father or mother. There is generally a spicie of self-interest at the bottom of the most barbarous crimes. Pleasure in the infliction of pain is not so uncommon as one would be glad to think. But, at the same time, it cannot be doubted that many parents who are afraid of committing murder, or rather of being hanged, will do all they can to rid themselves of their offspring without risking their own necks. It would be interesting to know, though perhaps almost impossible to discover, in how many cases where children have been starved, or kicked, or bullied into another world there was a little transaction with an Insurance Office after these tactics had proved successful. It was an old and sound principle of English law that no one should be allowed to give himself an interest in another person's death. Murder in the family is deplorably easy, and must often be profitable. But the opportunities need not be artificially multiplied.

The recent trial of SERNÉ and GOLDFINCH at the Central Criminal Court drew attention in a forcible way to this practice of infantile insurance. As the prisoners were acquitted of murder, and are to be tried at the next Sessions for arson, it would not be proper to express any opinion upon the facts. But the question how the fire was caused is not immediately material. It was admitted that the lives of SERNÉ's children who were burnt to death had been insured, and Mr. Justice STEPHEN expressed his surprise. The Judge was inclined at first to think the practice illegal; but, on looking into the Friendly Societies Acts, he satisfied himself that he was mistaken. No blame, of course, attaches to Companies or Associations which confine themselves within the law; and we believe that the amount of the insurance is limited. But the whole system is bad, and ought to be abolished. There is an old and rather cynical saying to the effect that, if a wife be murdered by her husband, or a husband by his wife, no further motive than the actual relationship need be sought. If a burnt child dreads the fire, an insured child has many dangers to fear. It is not yet, we understand, possible to insure babies in arms, perhaps on the ground that pure infanticide needs no statutory stimulus. The barbarities disclosed by the Society's Report, many of which were inflicted on children of insurable age, are far worse than child-murder. That they were all of them designed to cause death cannot, of course, be said, and is probably not true. But the love of torture is infinitely rarer than the love of gain; and, while the weaker motive cannot be removed, the stronger one, to some extent, can. The law cannot, unhappily, alter the facts that children are expensive to feed, and that many

families are too large for the incomes on which they have to be supported. But, if we are unable to do everything, that is no reason why we should not do something. The punishment of flogging has not yet been tried upon inhuman parents. Yet, if a man who knocks down another and steals sixpence from him is subjected to corporal chastisement, we do not quite understand why a man who draws a red-hot poker across the eyes of his blind daughter should escape with a whole skin. There would certainly be much more sympathy with the sentence in the second instance than in the first, and in these matters the average opinion of society is not a bad guide. It is, we believe, a physiological truth that cruel people are usually very sensitive to pain, and it seems a pity that advantage should not be taken of this providential arrangement. However that may be, the whole subject of children's insurance, the limits of age and amount fixed by statute, and the consequences of such an apparent anomaly, deserve the notice of the Home Office and the House of Commons.

#### THE ORDER OF THE IRISH LAND COMMISSION.

NOTHING could more curiously illustrate the prevailing shortness of political memory than the excitement which has been created, apparently on both sides of politics, by the recently issued Order of the Irish Land Commissioners. Their action seems to have caused astonishment even in the most unexpected quarters—so much astonishment, indeed, that after describing it on Thursday as “another surprise,” the *Daily News* came on Friday to the conclusion that the surprise created by it—or, in other words, its own emotions of the previous morning—was “obviously insincere.” The Irish Loyalist press, less severely self-analytic, apparently sticks to its description of the step as a Ministerial “coup d'état.” It would, of course, be about as reasonable to apply such a description to an Order in Council made under the provisions of a statute as to a scheme of the Charity Commissioners. The critics of the Government, whether well or ill affected towards it, who have been so freely relieving their minds on this subject, would have done better to reserve their criticisms until after they had taken the trouble to read the Land Act of last Session. Even the most cursory perusal of that enactment would have reminded them, first, that the question of the revision of Irish rents has passed under the exclusive control of the Land Commission; and, secondly, that the Commissioners themselves have no discretion left to them as to whether they will revise rents or not. It is not a case of “may,” but of “shall.” Under the Act they are bound to determine what, if any, variation ought to be made in all rents fixed by them in the years 1881 to 1885 inclusive, so as to make them correspond to the difference between agricultural prices in each of those years and the prices now ruling. And, since it is not denied anywhere that prices have fallen in the interim, it follows that this determination of the rents must in the large majority of cases result in a reduction. It is to be regretted, no doubt, that the Order just issued does not express the unanimous view of the Commissioners; but, though Judge O'HAGAN does not state the grounds on which he “finds himself unable to concur with his colleagues,” it is impossible to suppose that he can have severed from them on any question of principle. The duty of the Commission is too clear under the Act to admit of any such supposition, and we can only conclude, therefore, that the difference of opinion is confined solely to the question of assessment.

The variations ordered by the Commission range from 22 per cent., or about 4s. 5d. in the pound, in the poorer districts, and in respect of the rent fixed in 1881, to 2½ per cent., or 6d. in the pound, in the more prosperous localities, on rent fixed in 1885. With some of the cases determined in this year when the decline in prices had fully declared itself, and allowance was accordingly made for it in the Land Courts, the Commissioners have very properly refused to interfere; and, on the whole, the average of the reduction effected by them all over Ireland amounts to some 12 or 14 per cent. It is probable that, upon a fair estimate of the decline in prices during the period covered by the Act, the reduction is not excessive; and the probability is increased by the fact that the Parnellite organs are describing the action of the Commissioners as fatal to the last hopes of the tenants, and denouncing the measure of relief afforded by it to the tenants as ludicrously inadequate.

Inasmuch, however, as MICHAEL DAVITT has been recently adjuring the tenantry to stand out for a reduction of from 50 to 80 per cent., it will not be surprising if they, too, should find the Order of the Land Commission somewhat disappointing. No doubt it will be possible to deal sharply and effectively under the present law with MR. DAVITT or any other agitator who seeks to reduce his confiscatory theories to action; but the necessity, if it should arise, will be a very significant commentary on the futility of such coquetting with that so-called remedial policy which in MR. GLADSTONE's hands has already wrought such widespread mischief in Ireland. Nothing that any English Government or Legislature can do, short of handing over the property of the Irish landlords as a free gift to the Irish tenants, will ever avail to disarm those agitators whose object is not, and never has been, to improve the lot of the Irish tenant, but, on the contrary, to convince him that the only way of improving it effectually and permanently is to make common cause with the party of political Separation. The hopelessness of all such legislative attempts to vie with demagogues by whom, from the nature of the case, the legislator must always be outbidden has ever been one of the most firmly held articles in our political creed; and the result of this latest experiment has certainly not tended to shake it. But we expressed our opinion on that experiment before it was tried, and this is no time to repeat the protest. The step was irrevocably taken when the Land Act of last Session was passed, and it is idle to raise an outcry against the adoption of the measures necessary to give formal effect to the statute.

#### “GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANKS.”

WE are afraid that MR. LYULPH STANLEY's Report on the bankruptcy of the Trustees Savings Bank at Cardiff is much the kind of document which we ought to have expected to be called upon to read some day. The document does not tell a story at all creditable to human nature, nor is the discussion still going on over it in all respects honourable to the persons taking part in it. To put it briefly, the Report shows how very likely the practice of conducting business, not as business but as charity, is to lead to fraud and embezzlement. The Savings Bank was started, like others, to help the cause of thrift among the poor. It had an imposing list of trustees who were to see that it was properly conducted, out of pure love to their fellow-man. Government borrowed the deposits made in it, and so gave it an informal right to be considered a national affair. Of course this was no guarantee to the depositors if they had understood it; but, being by the nature of things poor and ignorant people, they did not understand. They thought that the Government's responsibility not only bound it to keep its word as regards the money it borrowed, but to protect the depositors generally. No doubt this mistake might have led to no harm if the trustees had kept a tight hand on the bank. But trustees, even when they are marquesses and mayors, are merely human. After a time they found that keeping a tight hand on a commercial undertaking is a troublesome business. Trustees and Boards of Directors have not always been able to prevent fraud and gross mismanagement when they were engaged in ordinary business. When they hold their places from charitable motives, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, means as a matter of form, they do still less. The Cardiff Savings Bank fell into the hands of the actuary, and after a time these were not clean hands. Deposits were received at improper times to improper amounts, and treated in an improper way. Accountants did nothing or too little. Trustees signed whatever was put before them blindly. The bank became a milch cow for the ingenious milker. Finally the net upshot of the “charity” was that the depositors whom it was to have helped lost seven-and-thirty thousand pounds odd.

It would seem from MR. LYULPH STANLEY's Report that the laxness of the trustees went very near to being complicity. What their actual criminality or responsibility may amount to it would be premature to say until a Court has decided. Unfortunately there is very little chance that a legal decision will be obtained. The trustees are in a position to fight the case and the depositors are not. Under these circumstances nothing will in all probability be done until Parliament takes the whole system of “Government” Savings Banks in hand. The attitude of the trustee is not, we think, a dignified one. In the ordinary

nary business of life, when a marriage settlement or the property of a minor is in question, his responsibility, as many have found to their cost, is a very real thing; but, then, in those cases there is somebody to bring him to book. In this there is not, and so it is possible for the friends of the poor to complete their charitable exertions in favour of thrift by refusing to help towards lightening the loss made possible by their own neglect. It is an important question whether the name of the Government ought to be any longer allowed to give credit to a number of institutions which, as this and other similar cases have shown, are so peculiarly liable to mismanagement. No doubt the Government is not really responsible, but the depositors think it is, and the credit of the State ought not to be, even by ignorance and accident, allowed to bolster up a fraud. Savings banks have done good work, and, as a rule, are well managed no doubt. But it is at least probable that they have done all the good they can. At present they are no longer necessary, since the Post Office Savings Banks give the same encouragement to thrift under the direct control and on the full responsibility of the Government. The Trustees Banks are no longer necessary, and they are a source of expense to the State. It would seem that the time has come for ceasing to extend any exceptional privileges to them. If charitable persons choose to follow the example set by Mr. EWEN and his friends at Hawick, and start a bank to help small depositors on their own responsibility and on ordinary principles, they may legitimately do so; but Government would probably serve the cause of thrift best by declining to deal further with private banks on exceptional terms, and confining its dealings with the small depositors to its own banks, which it can control and for which it must answer.

#### A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

CHRISTMAS is a season dedicated to the pastime of solving ingenious puzzles, and there is no reason why Mr. HOWARD LIVESEY should not desire to contribute as well as another to the amusements of the fireside. In a letter to the *Times* he has just propounded to us the problem whether Lord SALISBURY, in expressing a particular opinion, which Mr. LIVESEY cites and combats, "spoke unadvisedly with his lips," or was "under a delusion," or "had some ulterior object to serve" by advancing a theory which he knew to be unsound. The last of these three hypotheses is a little discourteous, and we are glad to see that Mr. LIVESEY rejects it, and confines himself to the two former. These appear to us to savour somewhat of the error of "cross-division," since some men who speak unadvisedly with their lips do so because they are under a delusion, while all men under a delusion, unless they keep it to themselves, must sometimes speak unadvisedly with their lips. Let that pass, however, and let us see what Lord SALISBURY's statement was. He actually argued, says Mr. LIVESEY, "that political clubs were more effective in promoting temperance than the direct efforts of temperance 'Societies'; but, though it may be pleasant for people to believe this, and though Mr. LIVESEY regrets to take from them 'any item of solace or encouragement,' he cannot resist a sense of duty which moves him to controvert Lord SALISBURY's doctrine, and to show that it is altogether unsound and untrue." Now the easiest way of proving its untruth and unsoundness, and the way most likely, therefore, to be taken by a cautious disputant, would be to show that political are not more effective than, but only as effective as, temperance Societies in promoting temperance. A somewhat bolder course would be to attempt to prove that the former associations are less effective for the purpose than the latter. A yet more enterprising disputant might go about to prove that they are not effective for it at all. But no tactics so spiritless as these will satisfy Mr. LIVESEY. He is determined, as the schoolboys say, to "tell a good one" while he is about it; and, accordingly, the form of *elenchus* which he adopts, stated with all the close and vigorous logic of Lord PETER, is the following:—"If Lord SALISBURY, 'instead of affirming that political clubs tended to temperance, and were more effective than temperance Societies,' had said that they were more dangerous to our best young 'men than public-houses or dram-shops, he would have 'stated a fact which none could controvert.'

So there is an end of that. If no one can controvert Mr. LIVESEY's last proposition, it follows that he has proved his

point. The game is over, and he has won it. We congratulate him; but now for the puzzle. How came Lord SALISBURY to mistake, not merely an ineffective remedy for an effective one, but a poison for an antidote? And, first, how has Mr. LIVESEY himself been saved from the possibility of any such mistake? Marry, thus. He calls occasionally "at a club to meet a friend, generally in the 'forenoon,' and 'I have been grieved,' he says, 'to see a number of youths, some of whom could not afford the time, and none of whom could afford the ill-effect on health, character, and destiny, come in to drink beer or porter, with perhaps a bit of cheese and bread.' Now the question is, Did Lord SALISBURY know of this practice to which Mr. LIVESEY refers? Or rather, since he must be assumed to have known of it—for the dissolute custom of lunching, "generally in the forenoon," too, is matter of painful notoriety—how came it that he was unable to draw from it the conclusion, the irresistible conclusion, which has been drawn from it by Mr. LIVESEY? Did he speak unadvisedly with his lips because it did not occur to him that some of our best young men cannot afford the time for lunching, and that none of them can afford to suffer the ill-effects of lunch upon 'his destiny'? Or is he under the delusion that the sight of a number of youths drinking beer or porter, "with perhaps a bit of cheese and bread" (not bread and cheese observe; note the longing of the depraved palate for the more stimulating of the two edibles)—is Lord SALISBURY under the delusion that this humiliating spectacle is *not* a proof that political clubs are more dangerous to our best young men than public-houses or dram-shops? Or, lastly, did he speak merely with the ulterior object of showing that "his party 'are not prepared to join in any direct attempt to hinder 'or abolish' the custom of lunching on bread and cheese and beer"? We cannot accept the last theory for a moment, and we are forced to conclude with Mr. LIVESEY that Lord SALISBURY "spoke in ignorance of the moral influence of 'club life in regard especially to the drinking' (and eating) 'habits.'" But ignorance of the moral influence of known and patently existing facts—what is that but another name for either want of intelligence or moral insensibility? So that, after all, we must dismiss Mr. LIVESEY's problem with alternative solutions. Lord SALISBURY must either have a different standard of morals from Mr. LIVESEY, or the intelligence of the two men is of a different order. We believe that we have ourselves privately guessed the right answer as between the two; but it would be contrary to the traditions of the season to let out the secret.

#### THE YEAR.

LOYALTY, good manners, and even accuracy require that any review of 1887 should begin by recording that it has been most memorable to all the subjects of the Crown as the fiftieth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne. Englishmen have grumbled a little at the constant repetition of the word Jubilee, but they have celebrated the occasion none the less heartily. From all parts of the Empire have come expressions of loyalty not less warm than any uttered by those of Her Majesty's subjects who live in Great Britain. Foreign nations have taken the opportunity to repeat the assurances of friendship usually made by diplomats and statesmen, with additional emphasis. The ceremonies arranged to celebrate the conclusion of fifty years of a reign which has been always prosperous, generally peaceful, and sometimes triumphant, have been of due splendour. Her Majesty's procession to and from the thanksgiving service at Westminster Abbey on the 21st June was the most remarkable London has seen since the entry of the Allied Sovereigns after the fall of Napoleon, and was far more magnificent. A long series of celebrations was worthily closed by a naval review at Spithead on the 23rd July, which could assuredly not have been equalled in the waters of any other Power. The Jubilee has left a permanent record in the form of institutions of a patriotic or charitable character. If it has also inflicted on the coinage a singularly undignified and inadequate portrait of Her Majesty, this misfortune must be borne with philosophy. Better than any artistic, or even charitable, record of the year has been the universal national assertion of the value put on the national unity by the inhabitants of every part of Her Majesty's dominions. The disloyal talk of a small minority was temporarily cowed into entire silence. The insignificance of the minority itself was made memorably conspicuous, and the empty vapouring of a few traitors only served to call attention to their want of power.

The greater part of the year has been less pleasantly spent in fighting against disorder and treason in Ireland, and against disorder which would like to attain to the dignity of treason in England. It appeared not impossible last January that the

Government would be seriously hampered, if not crippled, by the sudden secession of Lord Randolph Churchill, who enlivened the last days of 1886 by retiring from office with such haste and determination that the news of his resignation appeared in the papers before it was formally completed. In the confusion caused by this incident there was much talk of a coalition to be formed between the Conservatives and that section of the Unionist-Liberals which is more particularly attached to Lord Hartington. Lord Salisbury did at least offer places in the Cabinet to some members of this party. A coalition which could hardly have proved a source of strength to the Cabinet was avoided. Mr. Goschen, in whose later Parliamentary life there was nothing to make it difficult for him to act with the Conservatives, succeeded Lord Randolph Churchill in the Exchequer. Mr. Smith succeeded him in the leadership of the House of Commons, and took over the First Lordship of the Treasury from the Premier. The Ministry met the House strengthened by the addition of a financier of the first rank and most admirable debater, while it continued to receive the support of the Unionist-Liberal party as a whole. A later change in the Cabinet, caused by the retirement of Sir M. Hicks-Beach from the Irish Secretaryship on account of ill-health, brought forward Mr. A. J. Balfour, who has made himself a great reputation in the most arduous of all Cabinet posts.

Another at least superficial danger to the Unionist party also disappeared, leaving it as strong as before, at an early period in the Session. If Sir William Harcourt could have managed it by a judicious combination of hospitality and private influence, Mr. Chamberlain and all that portion of the Liberal-Unionists which is nearer to Mr. Chamberlain than to Lord Hartington would have rejoined Mr. Gladstone. A Conference, consisting of Sir William himself, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir G. Trevelyan, Mr. Morley, and Lord Herschell, met round a memorable table. What they exactly did is, with one exception, not very definitely known even, apparently, to the members of the Conference themselves. The exception is the confirmation of Sir George Trevelyan in the belief that it is more wicked to help the Conservatives to preserve the Union than to band with Liberals to destroy it. The Separatists carried him off from the Round Table, after a brief interval—but they gained nothing else. Mr. Chamberlain was not to be enticed by illusory concessions, and the Liberal-Unionist party has remained unbroken.

The work of the Unionist party, whether Ministerial or independent, throughout the year has been to fight the Irish party of disorder. For this year, at least, it is hardly necessary to speak of the Session apart from the general conflict with the party of riot and pillage. Very little, indeed, was done in Parliament beyond fighting the Irish and their English allies. The two together dragged out the debate on the Address; delayed the passing of the new Procedure rule to increase the stringency of the Closure; and, when it was at last forced through, contested every word of the Crimes Act; and, finally, forced the majority to fall back on a resource superior even to the Closure—or a vote which substantially meant that Parliament was being defied, and must use power, pure and simple, to compel obedience. It is enough, in looking back on the year, to note the dates of such a Session. Parliament met on the 27th of January, and separated on the 16th of September. Of these eight months, one was spent in aimless talk over the Address, and one in merely obstructive gabble against the new Closure rule; nearly four, not in debating the Crimes Bill, but in wrangling over its first clauses, or in beating down open contumacy on the part of the Opposition; and the remainder in carrying a small Land Act to facilitate the working of Mr. Gladstone's measure, or in renewed struggles with Irish faction. The net result of the Session was to strengthen the hands of Government by assimilating the legal procedure of Ireland to that of Scotland. The new Crimes Act is distinguished from a long series of predecessors in two respects. It is to be a permanent addition to the law of Ireland, and it is exceptionally mild. In future, whenever a district is disturbed by outrage, the Lord Lieutenant, subject to the approval of Parliament, will have power to proclaim it, and to set in motion the exceptional powers given by the Act. The exceptional powers do not go beyond the right to inflict summary punishment on rioters, or speakers who incite to riot, with the proviso that, when the sentence of the magistrate exceeds a month's imprisonment, an appeal is allowed, and the right to change the venue when Government is of opinion that a fair trial cannot be relied on in the disturbed district. There is also a power to proclaim any dangerous association. Until this Bill became law the conflict with Irish anarchy was mainly confined to the House of Commons. In Ireland the National League, supported by the formation of an English party favourable to Separation, had so completely established its power that the law was practically in abeyance. There was riot at Youghal in March, and one of the mob was bayoneted; and in July there was a violent defiance of the police during some evictions at Coolgreany. These, and a few other incidents of the same kind, appeared exceptional, because as a rule Government, hampered by the necessity of acting under the limitations imposed by the law of England, was unable to deal with a community which, unlike the English, is hostile to the administration of justice. When, however, the Coercion Bill had been passed, and Mr. Balfour was able to act, there was a momentary effervescence of disorder. As soon as Government had the necessary power in its hands, the greater part of Ireland was proclaimed, and the National League was declared to be a seditious association. Its

meetings were forbidden, and it became illegal to report them in the papers. An immediate attempt to stir up riotous opposition by violent talk in the House of Commons was followed by disorderly proceedings in Ireland. English Separatist members, encouraged by the tolerance of modern times for all forms of opposition to Government, took upon themselves to go over to Ireland and incite mobs which needed no incitement to violence. The first and worst consequence of their interference was seen at Mitchelstown. A meeting was held at that place on the 9th of September to express sympathy with Mr. O'Brien. The police, in the discharge of their duty, attempted to take reports of the speeches. They were opposed, and, by the direct instigation of speakers on the platform, were murderously attacked. After being driven into their barrack, they fired in self-defence, and shot two of the mob in the street, who (almost as a matter of course) turned out to be "innocent" spectators. Every attempt was made to turn this event into a useful political "atrocious." Mr. Harrington, in Ireland, was allowed by the coroner to make an extraordinary display of rowdyism during the inquest on the two men shot by the police. In England Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to make a political cry out of "Remember Mitchelstown!" Mr. Morley, at Newcastle, argued that the police were not entitled to pass through a crowd in the discharge of their duty. In the House of Commons, at the very end of the Session, an effort was made to turn the riot into an excuse for obstructive debate. These efforts on the side of sedition were damped at once by the report of an extraordinarily brutal murder in Clare. A gang of Moonlighters were caught by the police in the act of attempting to murder a farmer named Sexton, who had incurred the displeasure of the League. In the scuffle a Police Inspector named Whelahan, who was attempting to arrest one of the criminals, was shockingly murdered. This illustration of the teaching of the League was answer enough to the rhetoric of the Separatist speakers. Subsequent events in England have persuaded Mr. Gladstone that the prospects of his party will not be improved by a too indiscriminate recommendation of disorderly hostility to the police.

Mr. O'Brien, in whose interest the Mitchelstown meeting was called, has run a somewhat chequered course of opposition to the Government throughout the year, which may be taken as the type of several others. In the spring he visited Canada for the ostensible purpose of promoting an agitation against the Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, who has the misfortune to be an Irish landlord. The mission was far from successful in Canada, where Mr. O'Brien had a narrow escape from lynching, and in the United States the agitator had a reception from his own allies which excited considerable amusement. The Socialist agitator, Father McGlynn, succeeded in getting him condemned as a friend to capital. On his return, Mr. O'Brien reasserted his importance by securing a sentence of three months' imprisonment under the Coercion Act. After availing himself of every delay afforded him by the right of appeal, he was at last committed, first to Cork, and then to Tullamore jail, where he has further endeared himself to the Irish nation by heroically making his delicacy of constitution an excuse for refusing to wear the prison clothes. Other agitators have striven to follow his example. Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Cox, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt have defied the law in a small way; but, though they took every precaution to secure their safety, and the last of the three uttered his defiance from behind his wife on the platform, the Government has been too strong for them. Sooner or later they have gone to prison. The resolute application of the law has begun to produce a good effect, and Ireland is settling down. The visits of Mr. Chamberlain to the North of Ireland, and of Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen to Dublin, have given the Unionist party an opportunity for impressive counter demonstrations to the factious disturbances of the Separatists. There has not been any striking single example of the Government's victory, but it has been successful in many ways in breaking up the National League, in capturing and punishing offenders, and in encouraging the law-abiding part of the community to show as much firmness as it ever does in Ireland. In Great Britain, from which the real support of the law must come, the events of the year have encouraged the Unionists, and have strengthened the conviction that the Separatists do not represent the best, or even in any real sense the greater, part of the people of Ireland.

In England certainly, and in Scotland probably, the course of events in the year has weakened Mr. Gladstone's new party still further. Some of the less prudent and more honest among his followers have rashly applied the Irish principles of their leader in London itself, and have given Englishmen a direct personal experience of what lawlessness means. With curious infelicity they chose London itself as the place for their experiment. From the beginning of the year the little handful of agitators who call themselves the Social Democratic Federation have encouraged sporadic outbreaks of disorder here and there in the capital. Trafalgar Square was their favourite place of meeting. During the summer the fine weather or the Jubilee festivities suspended or concealed their exertions, but in the autumn they came up again. For weeks Trafalgar Square was turned into a meeting place for a mob. At last even the patience and good humour of Londoners were worn out. The Home Secretary was appealed to to protect an important neighbourhood from serious inconvenience and loss. After not a little hesitation and several changes of its mind, the Home Office decided to act. Further meetings in Trafalgar Square were forbidden, and measures were taken to enforce the order. This decision was immediately welcomed by the rather numerous class of persons who have been

trained within the last twenty years to the belief that, if disorder is only aggressive enough, it must defeat any Government. They thought they saw an opportunity for a triumphant riot, and prepared to assert what they profess to think their right by force. On Sunday, 13th November, they organized riotous processions in various parts of London, and tried to force their way into the Square. As proper precautions had been taken, these efforts were easily defeated by the police, who did their work with great moderation. An eccentric Scotch member of Parliament, who had distinguished himself as the only leader of the disorderly party who ran any personal risk, was rather roughly handled, and his ill-luck acted as a warning. Much blatant threatening on the part of his allies produced no greater effect than to induce the Government to call on special constables, who responded in large numbers before the next Sunday. The rioting dwindled away into an attempt to make capital out of the accidental death of a man who had been injured on the first Sunday, and who died in hospital of blood-poisoning. Sentences of imprisonment of varying degrees of severity have been inflicted on the more noisy rioters, and the promoters of disorder have taken care to avoid the fate of Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P. A cruel blow was dealt to these injudicious disciples of his by Mr. Gladstone himself. They had heard him lay down the rule that the police were to be answered with the word "Walker" whenever it appeared convenient to any convinced opponent of Government to disregard their directions. They strove to act on his principles, and then appealed to him for approval. But by this time it had become manifest to sagacious observers in the Gladstonian ranks that, if their name became too closely associated with the promotion of disorder, the Tories might be in office for twenty years. This was a serious consideration, and so when the first Sunday of riot had ended in a victory for the Government, with the approval of the community, Mr. Gladstone hastened to tell his Radical friends in London that they really ought to pay more regard to our excellent police. Nothing could have been better timed. Government had done the work unencumbered by Mr. Gladstone's help, and his advice to a Radical came in time to complete the defeat of the rather foolish persons who thought Mr. Gladstone would commit himself until he felt quite clear as to the direction in which the cat was going to jump.

Apart from the continued conflict between the Unionists and Separatists, who are the parties of order and disorder, there has been a suspension of political activity at home. But there has been no want of incidents of general interest. The condition of the naval and military forces of the country has been brought into notice. After the review at Spithead the fleet was engaged for nearly a fortnight in manoeuvres round the coast, which filled the newspapers, and gave rise to not a little somewhat acrimonious discussion. At the end of them all the exact value of the varied and complicated fighting ships of modern times is not much better ascertained than it was before. As regards the army there has been occasion to arrive at a more distinctly unfavourable verdict. The Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the system on which the army is supplied with stores has shown that our military organization was defective, and it is more than doubtful whether the changes made since have produced any real improvement. A succession of experiments, some of a purely voluntary character, have given evidence of the scandalous badness of the weapons supplied to every branch of our forces. The War Office, in pursuit of some new scheme of organization, has deliberately weakened the army by reducing the strength of the Horse Artillery. As a compensation, the country is promised an improvement in the transport service, the nature of which is to be shown on a future occasion. The condition of the fighting services is always more or less a matter on which differences of opinion are possible. There cannot but be unanimity as to the meaning of such an incident as the burning down of the Exeter Theatre on the 5th of September. The country was taught by it and the loss of life it entailed to understand the unintelligent laxity of part of our local government machinery, and to realize the terrible danger this laxity can inflict on the community. The law Courts have contributed their share to the events of the year. The rather hasty arrest of a Miss Cass on a charge which it was found impossible to prove was an incident of a very serious kind. As the Home Secretary so managed the matter in the House of Commons as to excite a great deal of angry feeling he directly caused the Government a defeat, and indirectly helped to bring about several Separatist successes at by-elections. Finally, after a great deal of irregular talk, the alleged misconduct of the policeman was brought before a Court. He was accused of perjury, and brought to trial. Then the charge was dismissed, on the ground that, as it could not be shown that the policeman did not believe what he said, he could not be condemned for perjury. Another case of general public interest was the condemnation of the Polish Jew Lipaki for the murder of a woman. The case itself was of a somewhat ordinary character, but it was made notorious by a scandalous attempt to override the administration of justice on the part of a portion of the public. The Home Secretary was outrageously attacked, in the hope of forcing him to grant a reprieve to the condemned murderer. Mr. Matthews, however, showed a resolution which he has not always displayed on other occasions. He refused to allow sentiment, or the noisy affectation of sentiment, to weigh against evidence. Lipaki was not reprieved, and before execution he confessed his crime.

Colonial affairs have again been important in this year. Happily they have not to be noticed in connexion with any

serious disaster. The Colonial Conference which met in April gave English statesmen an opportunity of discussing matters of common interest with the representatives of all parts of the Empire. Their conferences did not lead, as some had hoped, to the drafting of a scheme of Imperial Federation; but they did produce a practical plan for combined action between England and Australia in the naval defence of commerce, which was at least a long step in the direction of combined action for general purposes. The long-standing dispute between this country and France as to their relative rights in the New Hebrides has been settled by a compromise. The French agree to evacuate the archipelago, and to combine with the English Government in establishing a common police inspection of the islands. Australia has been satisfied by the removal of what it considered a threat to its comfort and security. At the close of the year it is only agitated by the claim of New South Wales to call itself Australia—a pretension which the other Colonies look upon as an assertion of superiority of an aggressive character. In South Africa the British Government has at last been compelled by decency and regard to the interests of the Empire to establish a protectorate over Zululand. This country, which was disorganized and disarmed by our action, may now be preserved by us from the greed of the Boers. In America there has been an angry revival of the historic fishery dispute. Canada and the United States have approached near to hostile relations with one another, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has been despatched from England as Commissioner, in hopes that a satisfactory settlement may be made. It is not as yet known that this object has been obtained; but the peaceful relations between the countries have not been disturbed. An arrangement, which will be at least temporarily satisfactory, has been come to with Russia as to the boundary of Afghanistan. In India the most notable event of the year has been the offer of the Nizam of Hyderabad to contribute towards the defences of the North-West frontier. There is some obscurity as to the exact nature of the offer; but it is an undoubted sign of the goodwill of the great Indian feudatories. In Burmah the work of pacification has been steadily continued, and we have nowhere been under the necessity of engaging in any of our habitual little wars.

Egypt, which has so long been an international difficulty for this country, is more firmly in our hand at the end of the year than ever. Sir H. Drummond Wolff's mission bore fruit in the summer. A scheme was arranged by him on the part of the British Government by which we undertook to evacuate Egypt within five years if nothing occurred which would make it necessary for us to stay, and on the understanding that in case fresh disorders should occur we should have an exclusive right of re-entry. This proviso excited not a little anger in France. French diplomats, acting in combination with the Russians, put pressure on the Sultan, and even went at least very near to hostile intrigue against us at Constantinople. Under these influences the Sultan refused to accept the offer of the English Government. Our proposal, therefore, came to nothing, and we remain in Egypt on the same terms as before, with the additional strength to be derived from the fact that we have offered to go and that our offer has not been accepted. The neutrality of the Canal has been guaranteed by a convention which binds all Powers to behave with friendship and forbearance, and will consequently be useful as long as they are friendly and forbearing.

The Continent of Europe has been, and still is, depressed by the fear of war. At no time from last January until now has there been any cessation of the dread that a struggle of which no man can foresee the limits may be precipitated. The internal politics of all have been influenced by the common peril. In Germany there has been a great political struggle over an Army Bill, which was avowedly introduced to arm the country in preparation for a possible great war at once with France and Russia. Prince Bismarck demanded that the establishment provided for by his Bill should be voted for seven years. The Reichstag contained a majority of Deputies who thought the opportunity a good one for asserting a direct Parliamentary control over the army, and they rejected the Bill. The Reichstag was dissolved, and the Emperor directly appealed to his subjects to supply him with the means of providing for the national safety; and a majority was returned which enabled the Chancellor to gain his object. In the course of the electoral struggle Prince Bismarck confounded his opponents by soldering up his quarrel with the Papacy. Finding that the help of the Pope was to be obtained on reasonable terms, the Prince threw overboard the Falk Laws. A letter from the Pope urged the Catholics to support the Prince. Some of the Catholic Deputies showed their appreciation of the value of the letter as an aid to the Prince by endeavouring to suppress it. The effort was unsuccessful. It appeared, produced its effect, and gained its reward by what was practically the end of the *Culturkampf*. When Prince Bismarck was accused of inconsistency and of "going to Canossa," he answered, with his usual audacious common sense, that he was not inconsistent, for he was as ready to work for the unity of Germany by pleasing Leo XIII. as by bullying Pius IX., and that as for Canossa, it was the Pope who had come to help him for a consideration, and not he who had gone to surrender to the Pope.

While the German Army Bill was still unpassed, the Prince insisted chiefly on the danger from France as the reason for adopting it; but the danger to the peace of Europe was everywhere felt to come rather from Russia. Two incidents have occurred in the year which appeared for a time to threaten war between

France and Germany. In April an over-zealous German police officer took the strong step of inviting a French police commissary of the name of Schnaebele over the frontier on pretext of business, and then arresting him on the charge of treasonable practices against the Empire. This startling application of the German theory that foreigners may be guilty of treason to Germany in countries beyond its borders caused a very intelligible outbreak of anger in France. The Emperor's Government, however, did not commit the mistake of profiting by the sharp practice of Herr Gautsch, and M. Schnaebele was released with a species of apology. Late in September a second incident, and a more serious one, took place at Radon-sur-plaine, on the border of German Lorraine. A party of French sportsmen was shot at by a German sentinel, who said he took them for poachers, and a keeper of the name of Brignon was killed. A French officer of the name of Wangen was wounded on the same occasion. It was not so clear on this as on the former occasion that the German official had transgressed his powers; but the event was well calculated to anger the French. There was again a great deal of angry discussion, but the German Government declared itself ready to do justice. It paid an indemnity to the family of the keeper Brignon, and promised to bring the sentinel to trial. No international quarrel followed, but the incident produced a distinct increase in the angry feeling between the two countries.

These acute spasms of the incurable hostility between France and Germany were the more dangerous because of the tension in the East of Europe. When the year began Austria was uneasy about the designs of Russia, and it is more uneasy now. It is possible that much has happened which is imperfectly known. The personal relations of the three Emperors, the internal disputes at their Courts, and the fluctuations in the influence of their Ministers may have had much to do with isolated events. Any speculations as to the exact reasons which induced Prince Bismarck to surprise the world and annoy Austria by explaining the nature of the negotiations which preceded the Russian invasion of Turkey are nearly futile. The character of Alexander III. and its effect on the policy of Russia is another stock puzzle. But, although these things may be obscure, the political situation of Europe is well known to all who have taken the trouble to attend to easily accessible means of information. That Russia is discontented with the course of events in the Balkan Peninsula; that it may interfere; that it cannot do so without coming into collision with Austria; that Germany is profoundly interested in the consequences of that collision; that France will assuredly avail herself of Germany's difficulty when it occurs to strive to regain the territory lost in 1871—these are the elements of the problem. It is a matter of very simple deduction that Prince Bismarck's object must be to preserve peace by preventing France and Russia from acting together, or to provide the means of crushing one or both, if war does actually break out, by the formation of an alliance of overwhelming strength against the aggressive Powers. In this effort, which is a necessity of his position, the Prince has been successful as yet. Russia has been subject to a great deal of what she is inclined to consider aggravation, or even insult. Bulgaria has continued to be contumacious. In the spring the partisans of Russia, acting in her name, if not by her instigation, attempted to overturn the Regents, who had governed since the abdication of Prince Alexander. Pronunciamentos took place in several places. They were suppressed, and the Regents gave a creditable proof of firmness by shooting the ringleaders. They then continued their course of opposition to Russia by sending a deputation through Europe to ask help against the quondam friend of Bulgaria. The deputation got little good by their efforts, and were even solemnly lectured by the French on the iniquity of all revolutionary movements. Bulgaria, however, continued to be obstinate. In July the Grand Sobranje met to elect a prince, and, after some hesitation and some refusals, chose Prince Ferdinand of Coburg-Kohari. He, after some protestations that he would not accept the throne without the approval of Russia and promises of support from other European Powers, finally decided to dispense with these advantages. In August he proceeded to Bulgaria, and has remained there ever since. These acts of defiance were certainly calculated to provoke Russian politicians of the more aggressive order; but the Empire has not taken any openly hostile steps. It appears almost certain that the once friendly relations between the ruling families of Russia and Germany have been seriously interrupted. When the Czar paid a visit to his wife's family in Denmark towards the end of summer, he almost ostentatiously avoided an opportunity of meeting the German Emperor, who was then at Stettin. Later on, when the Czar had been detained by an outbreak of illness in his family till the season was too far advanced to allow of a comfortable voyage back to St. Petersburg by sea, he returned home by Berlin. His reception in the German capital was ceremoniously and elaborately splendid, but was not considered to be friendly. On his return to Russia there was a temporary lull in the paper war between the countries. It was said that the Czar had been shown by Prince Bismarck that, in some way not very clearly defined, he had been deceived as to the conduct of Germany towards him. These rumours soon took the course of their many predecessors. They were forgotten and replaced by others. Sudden alarms arose as to the alleged massing of troops in Russian Poland, and a new paper war has begun more vehement and provocative than any of its forerunners. The results of this last fit of quarrelsome ness will be seen in the New Year. At present, all that seems certain is that Austria, always slow to prepare for war, has been moved by

a belief in the threatening intentions of Russia, or by the remonstrances of Prince Bismarck, to take measures of precaution which would hardly be taken unless there were some conviction in the mind of the Austrian Government that the time may be at hand when its army will be called on for service. This is a sign of undeni able gravity. Whether peace will continue must depend on the Czar. In the meantime there is good reason to believe that the Powers of Central Europe have decided to act together in their common interest. The visit of Signor Crispi to Prince Bismarck in October, which preceded the visit of the Czar to Berlin, was taken as a sign that Italy was prepared in case of war to give some measure of support to Germany and Austria. The alliance will be exceedingly strong, and would in some contingencies receive the support of England. It ought to be a guarantee for peace, but on looking back on the year it is ominous that the rumours of approaching war have grown in probability, and that the fear of disturbance is more intense than ever.

An event affecting Germany strongly has been the illness of the Crown Prince of Germany. It had long been rumoured that his health was affected, but he was able to attend the Jubilee ceremonies in England. Shortly afterwards it became known that he had been operated upon for an affection of the throat, and later information has put it beyond doubt that he is attacked by a disease which must incapacitate him from taking much share in the government of Germany.

France, according to its wont, has had internal troubles of its own to vary the fears of war. In May the Cabinet of M. Goblet was upset, nominally on a financial question, but as most people believed, in France and out of it, because a majority of the deputies were resolved to get rid of General Boulanger, the Minister of War. This officer had contrived by judicious advertisement to work himself into a position of popularity, partly by serving some of the meaner instincts of French Republicanism, and partly by posing as the advocate of what is called the policy of revenge on Germany. It is certain that he was looked upon as a dangerous man by the Germans. This character, which might have been supposed to be to his advantage, led to his expulsion from office. The Conservatives, who disliked him for the part he had taken in the expulsion of the Princes of the Orleans family, acted resolutely against him. President Grévy, who feared war, used his influence to exclude him from any new Cabinet. After a prolonged crisis a new Ministry was formed under M. Rouvier, and General Boulanger was dismissed to an obscurity which he endeavoured to lighten by more or less theatrical means at Clermont Ferrand. He had soon the satisfaction of becoming indirectly the means of ruining some old enemies. In October the discovery of some alleged malpractices on the part of General Caffarelli, who had been nominated to a high post in the War Office by General Boulanger, was followed by the detection of a swarm of scandals. A Mme. Limouzin and other shady financial speculators were found to have been in correspondence with the late Minister of War and other public men. The General made himself conspicuous at once by violent language, which entailed a disciplinary punishment; but before long he was forgotten in the universal excitement created by the discovery that M. Wilson, the President's son-in-law, was also among Mme. Limouzin's correspondents. M. Wilson was generally unpopular, and all parties attacked him immediately. The excitement grew in the usual French way, and very soon the attack on M. Wilson developed into an attack on M. Grévy, who was accused of shielding his son-in-law. A climax was reached when, in the course of the trial of General Caffarelli, Mme. Limouzin, and others, it was discovered that two letters from M. Wilson to this woman had been first abstracted from her papers when they were seized and then replaced by copies, when it was found to be no longer possible to suppress them. From that moment the Chamber devoted itself to expelling M. Grévy from the Presidency. M. Rouvier's Ministry was upset on the question whether an inquiry into the scandals should be voted three days sooner or later. No new Ministry could be formed, and finally M. Grévy was driven into resignation. The Congress which was held at Versailles to elect his successor sat in undisguised fear of the Radical part of the population of Paris, which was furious at the prospect of the return of M. Ferry. In the absence of any really strong leader, an acceptable candidate was found in M. Carnot, a respectable politician of no great reputation. He was elected by the Republicans of the Congress, the Conservatives having persisted in voting for General Saussier, whom the Republicans would not accept. M. Carnot was welcomed with a good deal of the gush which is poured out commonly enough in France at all. The Republican factions joined for twenty-four hours or so in vows of reconciliation as ardent and honest as the *baiser de Lamourette*. Then, as on that famous occasion, they began quarrelling, as before. Conservatives, Moderate Republicans, and Radicals have again shown that no two of them can agree, and no one of the three parties can govern by itself. M. Carnot has already experienced the difficulties in forming a Ministry which beset his predecessor. A stopgap Cabinet has at last been found to tide over the recess. The year ends leaving France even more weak and more hopelessly divided than when it began. An attempt by a maniac to murder M. Ferry was fortunately quite unsuccessful, but was not without importance as a sign of the effect which the rabid language of the Radical press is producing on the feebler heads among their readers.

Russia has also had its own characteristic domestic trouble. In March an attempt was made to assassinate the Czar, on the anniversary of his father's death. The Russian police took care to

make it very difficult for foreigners, and still more for their own countrymen, to learn the truth about the attempt, but enough was known to show that the Nihilist conspirators had displayed much of their customary fanatical resolution. Reports of trials for treason in which the accused are frequently army officers have been numerous, and it is certain that the struggle between despotism and anarchy is far from its end in Russia. Within the last few weeks riots in all the university towns have occurred which further illustrate the chronic quarrel between the Czar's Government and the small educated class. Changes of policy have been attributed with more or less foundation to the permanent struggle for power between the Panslavist, or aggressive party, and the politicians of the Court who would prefer to see Russia take its place peacefully in the comity of nations. Other European nations have had the good fortune to escape the attention of their neighbours.

The peace of the world has not been seriously broken either in America or Asia. The fishery disputes between the United States and Canada have been purely diplomatic. Within the Union there have been trade quarrels between capital and labour, but rioting has been avoided. Perhaps the somewhat tardy hanging of some of the Chicago rioters has acted as a useful warning. By far the most important political event of the year has been the Message of President Cleveland, which is believed to be a sign that the Democratic party has decided to adopt Free-trade. So peaceful has the year been that we cannot remember whether even a President of a South American Republic has been shot. In Asia Abdur Rahman has had, like other Amirs of Afghanistan, to fight for his throne; but he has held his ground, and English diplomacy has so far protected him against Russian aggression. China has begun to follow the example of Japan by accepting the material advantages of Western civilization, and has made the most of its success against France. In Africa it is known that the Congo Company has had its difficulties with the Arab slave-hunters, and very general interest has been felt in the expedition to relieve Emin Pasha which is still at work—successfully, as everybody hopes—under the command of Mr. Stanley.

The first name among those of eminent Englishmen who have died within the year to be mentioned here is the name of Mr. Beresford Hope, the high-minded politician, scholar, and gentleman who was the proprietor of the *Saturday Review*. Next to his must be placed the name of Mr. Philip Harwood, who for many years edited this paper according to the most honourable traditions of English journalism. The sudden death of the Earl of Iddesleigh in January, under pathetic circumstances, greatly shocked his countrymen, who felt that the upright and kindly gentleman had not lately been treated by meaner men with all the consideration which was his due. Mr. Newdegate, who, as a politician, had many of the good qualities of Lord Iddesleigh, combined with certain eccentricities of manner and belief which excited occasional good-natured laughter in the House of Commons during forty-three years, died in the following April. Mr. J. K. Cross, whose death occurred in the previous month, had not yet had time to gain a considerable eminence in the political world. Literature has lost in Mr. R. Jefferies, writer of real charm and of undoubted genius, and in Mrs. Craik, better known as Miss Mulock, a writer of great and healthy talent. Mrs. Henry Wood had enjoyed to the end the favour of many readers. Sir C. L. Young, a playwright of promise; the Rev. L. Collins, who endeavoured to explain the classics to readers ignorant of the classical languages; and Dr. Baynes, the editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, were less generally known, but had all three gained a right to notice. Lady Brassey died at sea on board her yacht, the *Sunbeam*, which she had made widely known by books of travel. Mr. James Grant, best remembered as the author of the *Romance of War*, was a voluminous and popular writer of stories of adventure. In Mr. Cousins the art world has lost a master of the declining art of steel-engraving. Among lawyers, Sir J. Mellor, formerly an English judge of eminence, and Mr. J. A. Lawson, an Irish judge of equal standing, have died in retirement. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, who died in January, had outlived his once great position at the Bar. General Sir C. Macgregor and Colonel Lanyon were soldiers of distinguished service, the first as one of the survivors of the generation which completed the conquest of India, the second as a colonial administrator. Among scientific men who have died in the year the most widely known were Sir Joseph Whitworth, who had greatly helped to perfect modern artillery, and Mr. R. Quain, one of the first rank of London surgeons. Mr. T. Stevenson, the Scotch engineer, is entitled to record both for his personal qualities and as member of a family remarkable through three generations in various ways. Scientific men hardly recognized Mr. Hutton, the bone-setter, but he had a great popularity. Mr. Thring, of Uppingham, was a distinguished and very generally heard of example of the newer type of schoolmaster. Among those who cannot easily be classed may be mentioned the names of the Viscountess Strangford, known for her active charity in the East, and Mr. Grierson, manager of the Great Western line, not only a distinguished man of business whose exertions were of acknowledged public utility, but who was even more honourably known for his great and judicious charity. The sudden and almost simultaneous deaths of the Countess and Earl of Dalhousie were among the most pathetic of a year which has seen several pathetic deaths. At the very close of the year a tragic death has removed Mr. A. H. Mackenzie, the enthusiastic and militant Churchman. American names come naturally after English, and three are entitled to mention here—

those of Mr. P. B. Marston, of Mr. Washburne, American Minister at Paris during the war and the Commune, and of Mr. H. W. Beecher. On the Continent of Europe two men of the greatest eminence in different ways have been lost to their countries—Herr Krupp, the maker of infinite cannon in Germany, and the Russian journalist Katkov, who was undoubtedly the first, in every sense of the word, of his profession in Russia, and who exercised a unique personal influence in his country. Signor Depretis, for many years Italian Premier, was at least eminent as a politician. General Werder, a veteran of the war of 1870-71, and Herren Stenzel and Schröder were names of some mark in Germany. Professor Kirchhoff will be remembered as the discoverer of the Spectrum Analysis. In France we have to note the deaths of Admiral Jauréguiberry, who gained an unexpected reputation as a divisional commander under General Chanzy in the army of the Loire; of M. Caro, the philosopher; of M. Cuvillier Fleury, the critic; of M. Faugère, the editor of part of Pascal's work; of M. Paul Féval, the novelist; of M. Eugène Yung; of M. Vulpius, the physiologist; of M. Duruy, the historian, and of M. Raoul Duval, a politician of some mark. The deaths of Father Beckx, Superior-General of the Jesuits, and of Cardinal Jacobini, have removed two princes of the Church.

#### LEADER AND FOLLOWER.

IT is exceedingly seldom that any of Mr. Gladstone's actions can be described in language equally, even if ambiguously, acceptable to those two great and sharply divided sections of the human race, one of which sections admires Mr. Gladstone and the other—does not. But Johnstone and Maxwell may, perhaps, agree for once in saying that no English statesman of Mr. Gladstone's rank in modern times, except Mr. Gladstone, would have selected a Bank Holiday, and that Bank Holiday Boxing Day, for a previously advertised railway journey across two-thirds of England. Of course the reasons which induce the opposing parties to acquiesce in this sentence might not be exactly identical. The admirer would probably put it down to Mr. Gladstone's generous desire to see as much as possible of the Sacred People, and to his equally generous desire to let as many of the Sacred People as possible see him; and here the same astonishing agreement, in form at any rate, might again prevail. But as to the exact motives of this motive, the reasons of this reason, and the exact description to be assigned to them, the old difference would, it may be feared, break out both in regard to the general question of putting in a public appearance on a day when most people who are not forced by fate (who shall say which is the harder?) either to work or to play of necessity, flee away and hide themselves in such recesses and hiding-places as Providence may have provided them with. As to the minor question of further congesting and confusing traffic on a day at the close of which without a collision every railway manager and every railway guard must feel specially thankful to the Upper Powers, nothing shall be said, for here agreement even in form is hopeless. But this is ever the way with *les grands sujets* (observe that we call Mr. Gladstone a *grand*, not a *mauvais sujet*). There may be agreement on them for the moment, but it is their proud privilege to divide mankind again the next. Still, it is a thing worth noting and repeating that there should be even this partial and temporary agreement in regarding Mr. Gladstone's Boxing Day journey across England as one of the things which no one but Mr. Gladstone would think of doing.

The utterances *in transitu* do not appear to have been particularly noteworthy, unless the "cheers mingled with a few groans," as one honest reporter has it (but it has since been explained that all the cheers were for Mr. Gladstone and all the groans for his opponents, a most ingenious and delightful thought), obscured them to an unusual degree. The general course of proceedings in these cases is now as well settled as if the whole thing were a court ceremonial at Berlin, and appearances at the window, rushes to shake hands, bows from the carriage, and refusals to be covered in face of His Majesty King Mob recur "with almost monotonous precision," to use the proper term in reference to these other proper terms. At Chester it was an act of "really remarkable kindness" for King Mob to come and gape—an act which no doubt surprised Mr. Gladstone very much. At Crewe it was not "remarkably," but only "very," kind. The balance, however, was kept true by a more particular advice as to the whole duty of voting man at Crewe than had been given at Chester. At Rugby there was, incredible to say, "almost an entire absence of demonstration," and for obvious reasons a more than almost entire absence of speaking; but anybody who could be got to shake hands was, it seems, admitted to that rite. Willesden, again, despite the affecting associations of Dollis Hill, provided only a "small number." They ordered things better at Euston, which was the less surprising that the chief Whip of the Sixth Party (Tories 1, Liberals 2, Nationalists 3, Fourth Party 4, Liberal-Unionists 5, Gladstonians 6) attended in order to see that things were done properly. So there was "much cheering," but both here and at Charing Cross the railway authorities, with a practical intelligence, and also an acquaintance with the art of euphemism, which did them credit, had "arranged to prevent any inconvenience to the distinguished traveller," or, in more impolite language, to prevent the distinguished traveller from making a nuisance of himself. So they kept the platform clear (fancy the

thunders of Radical organs if the platforms of two great railway stations had to be "kept clear" on such a day for the convenience of a royal personage!) and got rid of him as soon as possible at Charing Cross, we deeply grieve to say, not without a considerable amount of hooting (but see explanation above). Mr. Gladstone's immediate destination was Sandwich, and at Sandwich there was a snowstorm which enables the admiring chronicler to make a most remarkable statement. "In the short interval between alighting from the saloon and stepping into the brougham, Mr. Gladstone's travelling coat was covered with white." Our Jeames evidently, like a forerunner of his in the case of a Broosh, not a Broom, "mentions it with hor." Think of those elements whitening the coat of the aged statesman, just as if he were a Christian or an ordinary man, as he stepped out of his saloon on the way to his broom! O my friends! let this be a lesson to us that all men are equal before the mighty powers of Nature. When the snowflakes fall with their gentle [this can go on *ad libitum*, but about five minutes are recommended], they settle as readily on the coat of, &c. Does not the poet remark, The glories of our birth and state [the whole poem may be given, as it is very little known]? Not that great man's exertions for his country, his Church, and himself could save him. But was this whitening permanent? No, my friends; the brush of the menial removed it when the great Mr. Gladstone reached the abode of his noble hosts. Even so the trials of the Christian are but short, &c. It is a thousand pities, not only for the sake of the traffic, that all this did not happen on Friday instead of Monday, for the outline discourse here generously sketched gratis could have been filled up in a thousand Nonconformist pulpits by as many Chadbands.

Such were the Christmas sports provided by Mr. Gladstone; but perhaps a follower of his was even a nobler provider a few hours later. The Gladstonians of Winchester are said to have received, and the *Times* has certainly printed, the following remarkable letter from the hero of Trafalgar Square:—"I was very sorry indeed to be unable to respond to the invitation of the Liberal Association to address them. However, I should much like to say a word to the people of Winchester, especially to the poor people of Winchester, through your columns. The question before you is not Moss or Vanderbyl. They are only two signboards. Mr. Moss is, I believe, a good sort of man; but then he is only a man, and not an angel, and once in Parliament he must sink his own feelings and vote for his party. His party—that is to say, the party that looks on the poor as brutes, or at the best as an inferior type of humanity; his party, that broke into one loud laugh at the case of Miss Cass because she was only a poor tradesman's daughter; his party, for whom 80,000 prostitutes nightly walk the streets of London; his party, that defended the slave trade, that refused the franchise; his party, that denies justice to Ireland and brands Mr. Dillon (who is now well known in Winchester) as a murderer; his party, who at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities did not scruple to write anonymous letters from clerks and other authoritative agents to Mr. Gladstone couched in terms of obscenity and outrage. Vote for Vanderbyl; vote for those whose endeavour is to act up to the spirit contained in the Bible—to protect the oppressed, to shield the downtrodden, and to make this world of ours merely a preparation for heaven, and not a foretaste of hell. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM." It is dull work printing letters, but this is far too remarkable not to give as a whole, especially as we might be charged with garbling if we touched its beauties otherwise. The dismissal of poor Mr. Vanderbyl, who has lived through many years of life and some days of election commissions only to be called a signboard; the acknowledgment that everybody "sinks his feelings and votes with his party" in Parliament, are both good; the rant and cant of the conclusion not so good. But we need not say that the description of the Tory party is the thing. What an iligant life that party leads according to Mr. Cunningham Graham! What taste, accuracy, charity, sense, good feeling there is in his picture of it! Never mind the slave trade and the franchise: we can refer him to Mr. Gladstone for that. Never mind the universal "Tory laugh" over the unfortunate Miss Cass, who might surely be left in peace by this time, and in reference to whom, as Mr. Cunningham Graham knows perfectly well, the Tory party were so far from laughing that they forced the Government to contradict its spokesman and nearly turned one Minister out of his office on the score of her. Never mind the justice to Ireland and the branding of Mr. Dillon:—perhaps the Tory party did the branding of Cain too. But the Tory party which "looks on the poor as brutes"—though by some truly miraculous, not to say incomprehensible, process the poor, judging from the last election, must form a very considerable portion of the party itself—is really pleasing. The Tory party, which, as Mr. Cunningham Graham knows, "did not scruple to write letters from clerks and other authoritative agents [whatever that may mean] to Mr. Gladstone couched in terms of obscenity and outrage" is almost better. But who shall fitly sing the Tory party "for whom 80,000 prostitutes nightly walk the streets of London"? For the Tory party mark:—no Liberals need apply to these young persons of rigid virtue in politics if not in other matters. Now this figure of 80,000 is rather a favourite one with some noisome cattle (we are not in the least referring to the eighty thousand themselves) with whom Mr. Cunningham Graham is fond of associating, and from whom he seems to have borrowed much of his language, and is usually given (of course on no kind of trustworthy evidence) as the total

of the class referred to. So this wicked Tory party has simply made a corner in the article. It is as useless for any young woman of Liberal principles to ask for enrolment in the force as for anybody who gives evidence in favour of the police to try to remain a member of certain Liberal clubs.

On their side is virtue and Erin,  
On ours is the Saxon and—

eighty thousand persons who nightly walk the streets of London. Therefore even if a Liberal (which is nearly inconceivable) were not virtuous of his own motion, he must be whether he likes it or not. There are no persons who walk the streets of London for him; they are "engaged," probably by the Primrose League. And Mr. Cunningham Graham knows it just as he knows that the Tory party, *qua* party, sent obscene and outrageous letters to Mr. Gladstone ten years ago.

We have but one thing to add. We congratulate Mr. Graham on Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone on Mr. Graham, and the Gladstonian party on both.

#### MOUNTAIN FLOODS.

**A**LMOST every traveller who passes through the Southern Alps and Northern Italy must be struck by the extent and desolation of their river-beds. In summer a small stream trickles through a waste of sand, gravel, and pieces of rock, beneath which it occasionally disappears; in winter the condition of the brooks and rivers is nearly the same, though few pause to observe these things in winter, when the attractions of Florence, Rome, and Naples lie temptingly open before them. In spring and autumn the bed of the lower streams is filled with a liquid which seems to consist of stones and mud rather than water, which rises and falls with an apparent capriciousness, and if it happens to pass beyond its usual boundaries spreads desolation around. It is not the water, but what the water brings with it that does the lasting harm. Theorists have, from century to century, proposed remedies for the evil, but none of those which have hitherto been adopted have proved entirely successful. If money enough were forthcoming, practical men say, the streams might be regulated in an effectual manner; but how to find the necessary cash is a question that sometimes bids States as well as individuals pause.

It is only in countries where streams have their birth that one can form a clear conception of the rise and progress of floods. The permanent injury they do, as has been said, lies less in the water than in what it contains. In the Dolomites, which owe their bold outlines to the ease with which the stone is disintegrated, every frost loosens large masses of rock that only wait for an impetus to be cast into the valleys. This is given by the rains of autumn and the thawing snows of spring, when the water at once undermines and presses upon them. They then fall, either in masses larger than most churches, or in fragments which are churned into roundness by the torrent below. They block the stream till it breaks a new course for itself, or increases in fury till it sweeps the whole obstruction before it. It is difficult to say which is the more dangerous of the alternatives. In the one case, a valley that has never before been overflowed may be turned into a desert, and houses that were supposed to be entirely secure may be inundated or swept away; in the other, a certain destruction is sent to those who dwell in the lower valleys.

When the brooks have passed the huge limestone gates, by which in the Dolomites they usually rush from the rocky wildernesses in which they have their source to the central stream, the danger is not over. After rainy weather of any duration, the whole country is in the condition of a wet sponge. The greensward and the roots of the trees, with the vegetation that woods favour, retain a great deal of the water, and only part with it gradually, but any wanderer can at such times easily produce a rivulet by thrusting his stick into the ground and drawing a small runnel to a lower level, and he will be surprised on the following day to see what nature has made out of his simple handiwork. Now, when a meadow lies on a bed of soft rock or gravel—and most that border the mountain streams do so—it becomes a source of danger as soon as the turf ceases to extend to the river's brink. Not only does the force and friction of the torrent wear away the lower part of the bed, but the water that soaks through from above disintegrates the upper. Any one who watches such an exposed brook-side when floods threaten will be surprised to see with what rapidity small fountains make their appearance in the centre of the gravel and how rapidly they grow, always pushing large quantities of stone and earth before them. Nature, of course, is only doing here what the wanderer has done above with his walking-stick; it is providing channels by which the saturated grass is drained; but if this condition of things continues long, a great part of the bank is carried gradually away and the turf that rested upon it caves in and falls. This is always a loss to the proprietor of the meadow, but it is most dangerous for others when trees are standing upon it, the branches of which catch the passing stones and mud, and form a natural dam that diverts the course of the stream. The officials who are responsible for the safety of the roads would therefore willingly fell most of the alders and willows that fringe the brooks, but they have no legal power to do so. When it is necessary, they can prohibit a man from cutting down his own timber, but they cannot touch a stem that does not belong to the State. All they can do is to bring the danger the tree causes before the proprietor and the village

authorities; but the former has frequently no objection to see his neighbours' fields under water, and the latter are unwilling to incur unpopularity by their interference. Lovers of the picturesque may be glad of this.

Every one who has watched children building their mimic dykes and harbours on the side of a rivulet must have noticed how a single stone cast into the water will occasionally alter the whole current. In a flood, nature, with the apparent thoughtlessness of a child, acts much as he does. A fragment of rock, or the root of a tree which is caught on the bed of the stream, changes its course. Instead of beating on the solid rock at the next turn, as it has done harmlessly for centuries, its chief force is now directed against the opposite bank, which crumbles away beneath it. These changes in the current of a stream are the dangers against which those who live in the lower valleys have chiefly to guard; but when they seem distant a mutual jealousy often prevents the necessary steps being taken, and when the flood has come it is too late to oppose its violence.

In the Alps floods are as usual and as incalculable as snowstorms in England. It is certain that they will come; but when, and what districts will be chiefly affected, are matters of doubt. The Austrian Government has, therefore, taken steps to minimize their influence, though its action has hitherto been confessedly inadequate. We have no space to enter here either into the intricacies of the Austrian Constitution or the plans and achievements of engineers. A rough sketch must suffice. In each of the Alpine lands appertaining to the Imperial Crown, which we for convenience usually call provinces, a permanent Commission is appointed, which has the charge of all matters that concern the mountain torrents. To all representations with respect to the conduct of an unruly brook must be addressed, and it inquires into them on the spot. It weighs the amount of the danger and the claims of various districts, and then draws up proposals which are submitted to the *Landtag* or provincial Parliament, and when they have been approved, these are in due course laid before the Parliament of the Empire. The funds required by the single provinces are supposed to be contributed by them, but in undertakings of great extent or difficulty Imperial grants are made, and in all cases the central Government supplies highly-trained and competent officials to direct the works, without requiring any remuneration for their services. To these large powers are granted in cases of emergency, and during disastrous floods soldiers are frequently employed for weeks together, not merely to rescue those whose lives are in danger, but as labourers in constructing the works necessary to regulate the course of the stream. In such cases, however, they receive extra pay.

Those streams are most dangerous which run down the steepest declines, because they are the most apt to wear away their banks, and it is easiest for them to bring down the fallen earth and stones of the uplands. The method at present chiefly adopted in regulating them is that of building a series of dams. These are little more than strong walls with apertures, through which the water can freely flow. They span the whole bed of the stream, and rise to a considerable height above it. By this contrivance the shingle is left behind while the brook flows on in its usual course. In the course of years the upper bed is filled, and the dam is then raised from time to time as long as the condition of the banks permits. A brook which has been regulated in this way will, after the lapse of a longer or shorter period, run from cascade to cascade over distances which have only a slight fall, and where it will lose the greater part of its force. But it takes longer than might at first sight be supposed to bring about such a change. The masses of stone are at first piled so roughly on each other by the floods that after the level of the dam has been reached the water for years finds an easy way between them, and spouts through its former outlets, far below the surface of its new bed, leaving its dangerous freight behind. A waterfall makes a great impression on a tourist; a stream flowing downwards at a steep gradient hardly any; yet the latter is far more dangerous than the former, and where a series of artificial cascades is constructed it prevents the brook not only from carrying the rubble further, but also from preying upon the banks. By this means time is afforded for the vegetation to grow on the comparatively level portions of the course.

It must be confessed that a succession of such dams does not add to the charms of a mountain valley; indeed, when first built, they are a positive eyesore; but even the most romantic would have little reason to regret the suppression of floods, if it could be accomplished. Frequently as they have been employed in novels, there is probably no natural spectacle which combines so much loss and danger with so little sublimity. It is surprising to see what used to be fields turned into a pond, and some of the incidents may be startling or even dramatic; but there is little beauty in an expanse of muddy water which is evidently in its wrong place, and the incidents are more effective in print than in reality. At any rate, even from a scenerical point of view the entertainment is too costly. To have to look for years on long stretches of gray and barren rubbish instead of upon trees and greenward is too high a price to pay for a few hours' excitement.

#### TWO PANTOMIMES.

PANTOMIME is still growing. Its proportions are getting miraculous as the fairy beanstalk's; like the gigantic gooseberry of the deserted newsmonger, it takes on bulkiness with every new appearance. Each Christmas finds and leaves it more huge and unwieldy than the last; and soon, it may be, there will be nothing for it but a performance—as of the original *Monte-Cristo*—the *Monte-Cristo* of the Théâtre-Historique—several evenings long. It was excessive enough last year; this year it is magnificently worse. At Drury Lane, where is presented a new edition of *Puss in Boots*, the audience begins at half-past seven, attains to Mr. Harris's chief effect somewhere about eleven, and has still some time to wait for the anti-climax of the transformation scene and the beginnings of the harlequinade. Mr. Harris is not, of course, to be judged by ordinary laws: none but himself can be his parallel; he has done so much that he must live but to do more; having decanted his quart into a pint, he is impelled to go on, stage by stage, until he has done the same by, say, a full tun; till when there is no rest for him, and as little for his public. But at Covent Garden they are under no such desperate necessity; and at Covent Garden, in the matter of lengthiness at least, they almost contrive to out-Harris Harris. And in this way the melancholy game is played; and tediousness becomes traditional; and short of four mortal hours of spectacle and change no manager worth his salt can meet with confidence the eyes of his fellow-men.

Mr. Blanchard's book is one of the best that he has done; but it is—there can be no doubt of it—some half-dozen scenes too long. To combine the spectacular and the dramatic interests is, it would seem, impossible; the one or the other must inevitably go to the wall. Mr. Blanchard contrives to keep both going for some time; but he breaks down at last, and long before he brings one in sight of "The Armouries"—the like of which has never, they say, been witnessed on a stage—one's interest in the proceedings is gone. It is true the like of it has never been witnessed, &c.; but upon an eye that is jaded with some three and a half hours' contemplation the most of its effect is necessarily lost. Mr. Harris is lavish of good things throughout; we take them as they come, and are delighted with them; but there comes a point when the capacity of enjoying ceases, when the system will contain no more, when the nerves are dead, and a combination of earthquake and eclipse would seem superfluous and irrelevant. This point, as our own experience teaches, is reached a good while before Mr. Blanchard brings on "The Armouries." There are thirteen scenes in the book, and this is the tenth of them. One—the Silver Wedding of Mr. Herbert Campbell (the King) and Mr. Harry Nicholls (the Queen)—is so brilliant in design and so magnificent in effect—it presents such an array of lovely colours and rich stuffs and delightful appearances—that we incline to place it higher, both as art and as enjoyment, than anything Mr. Harris has done. In addition to this, we have had "The Milleries," which is good and gay enough to be an attraction in itself at any other theatre than Drury Lane; a very pretty and fantastic "Dreamland," with a charming round of elves and fays; a "Vineyard" with a "Champagne Song" and chorus, and an excellent "Ballet of Haymakers"; a delightful dance of children; a scene in the royal park, in which Jocelyn (Miss Wadman) is seen bathing—as it were in discreet emulation of M. Belot's *Femme de Feu*; a *delirium tremens* passage, in which most of the acting is done by the scenery; and, apparently, some miles of panorama. The list is by no means exhaustive; and, besides, it says nothing of Mr. Slaughter's music, nothing of the antic agility of Mr. Charles Lauri, nothing of the sayings and doings of Miss Jenny Dawson and the Brothers Griffiths, the one as Love and the other as a miraculous Donkey and his Owner, nothing of the dancing and singing of Miss Wadman and Miss Lind, nothing of the interminable clowning of Messrs. Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell, "of the one part," and—for Mr. Harris, in all things prodigal to the verge of indiscretion, has gone the length of throwing in a superfluous leash of low comedians—of Messrs. Danby and Lionel Rignold, of the other, and nothing of the proceedings of a certain brilliant bevy of Suitors. Throw them in—and they are all important elements—and you may obtain an idea, however faint and ineffectual, of the magnitude of the feast which Mr. Harris has provided, and of the awful feeling of satiety which falls upon his guests some courses before the serving of his principal *plat*.

Miss Wadman's Jocelyn is a pleasant performance; the lady sings well, dances neatly, looks her part to perfection, and acts it with both spirit and refinement. Miss Lind (the Princess Prettippet) is a graceful and accomplished dancer—indeed, is one of the best of the descent of Miss Vaughan; she is also a capital mimic, and, though her voice is not nearly strong enough to fill the theatre, her song, "Love's Language," with its round of pleasant imitations, is one of the hits of the piece. Mr. Lauri, as the immortal Booted Cat, is as active, as graceful, as antic and intelligent as ever; but he gives us nothing new. Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Campbell are funnier than in former years; perhaps, too, they are a trifle less riotously vulgar. At all events, their fires look pale and ineffectual beside the radiance of Messrs. Danby and Lionel Rignold, who are low comedians in more senses than one, and who, as Henry and William, Jocelyn's elder brothers, are as tedious a pair of gutter humourists as we remember to have seen. Miss Marie Williams has put off doublet and hose, and is seen in longish skirts as the

Duchess Colenso de Czerny, the Princesses' Governess; she has little to do, and does it with much earnestness. The Brothers Griffiths make an amusing Donkey and Donkey-Driver; the squadron of Suitors is one of the sights of the piece. The chorus is well-looking and well-trained; while the *corps de ballet*, which is under the direction of Mme. Katti Lanner, and includes her charming company of children, is the best to be seen in London. Mme. Lanner's work, it should be noted, is this year of special excellence. We have already remarked upon the grace and prettiness of the dance in Dreamland; it remains to add that the first appearance of the children—a sort of ballet of maternity in miniature—is quite delightful, that the "Polka-Gavotte" of the Silver Wedding scene is alone worth a visit to the theatre, and that not even the short-skirts of Mlle. Bettina de Sortis—an expert and not ungraceful artist—can spoil the effect of the Ballet of Haymakers. The extraordinary merit of Herr Wilhelm's achievements in costume has been briefly insisted on above. A word of special praise, however, must be found for the dresses of the aforesaid Polka-Gavotte. They are all in whatever is whitest in the world—satin and swansdown, the airiest lace, the most candid and virginal pearls; beside them the *Symphonie en Blanc Majeur* itself sounds variegated; their effect is so perfect that the interference of the limelight and the projection upon them of (for one thing) a peculiarly shrill and acid green are felt as a sort of outrage. Decidedly *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien* is of all proverbs the one best fitted for general use at Drury Lane.

At Covent Garden Messrs. Freeman Thomas and W. T. Parkiss present a new version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, complicated—for processional and spectacular purposes, no doubt—with references to *The Seven Champions*. The book, which is the work of Messrs. Henry Hersee and Horace Lennard, is wordy, incoherent, and a trifle bewildered. It sets forth the adventures, not only of Jack (Miss Fannie Leslie) and his sweetheart, Bo-Peep (Miss Ilma Norina), but of Prince Amoroso (Miss Minnie Mario) and his sweetheart, the Princess Rosabelle (Miss Jessie Mayland). The young ladies, it appears, are kidnapped by the Giant Fee-Fo-Fi-Fum (Mr. George Conquest). Jack ascends the Beanstalk in search of Bo-Peep, and appears at the Court of King Cole, the royal sire of Rosabelle, in time to join Prince Amoroso and the Seven Champions in their proposed attack upon the Giant's castle. The two heroes, accompanied by Jack's faithful henchman, Billy Loblolly (Mr. Squire), make their way into the ogre's haunt by the keyhole; King Cole and his forces march in and invest the place in form; Jack vanquishes the Giant in a glove-fight as harmless as, but a great deal briefer than, the famous combat between Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain; and after a second march past, headed by King Cole's private band—a group of masks reflecting infinite credit on Mr. Brunton and his assistants—and a certain amount of irrelevant dancing and singing in the modest cottage of Jack's mother, the eccentric Widow Simpson (Mr. Frank Wood), the whole contrivance vanishes into "A Dream of Luxury and Wealth," which is (being interpreted) a most ingenious and striking arrangement of ballet-girls and electric lamps. As it takes the spectator close on four hours to achieve this consummation, his condition when he reaches the harlequinade (which is double) is one of extreme disinterestedness. He has fed too full upon variety; he has been entertained out of his five wits, and his enthusiasm is exhausted. He has had too much of Messrs. Hersee and Lennard, and too much of the wit and humour and vivacity of the comedians engaged to do the offspring of their Minerva the justice it deserves.

Mr. George Conquest, whose mask is a thing to see, makes the Giant a most fatuous and entertaining monster. He is well seconded by Mr. Sam Wilkinson (the Giant's Wife), who sings and acts with a brisk vulgarity which makes his impersonation not only diverting, but tolerable as well. Miss Leslie works her hardest, and so does Mr. Squire; Miss Norina sings a sentimental ballad (of which there seem to be some dozens too many) quite tunefully and well; Miss Mario is buxom as of yore. The ballet is well trained, and its "average of personableness" is unusually high. In the second scene, "The Village of Cowslipdale" (a pretty landscape but for badly coloured sky), a quaint and charming effect is produced by a quadrille party in the costumes of 1837. This is, to our mind, the prettiest appearance which the ballet is allowed to put on in the course of the whole evening. It is contrasted with a quadrille of 1887; but it wins an easy victory, for the costumes of this latter *entrée* are by no means attractive. Later on, in "Butterfly Land," a regular *ballet d'action* is presented; it is the invention of M. A. Bertrand, it has an intelligible story, it is daintily dressed and neatly done, it introduces some graceful and intelligent pantomime on the part of Miss Minnie Beazley (the Butterfly Boy), and some finished and excellent agility on that of the *premier sujet*. The costumes of King Cole's courtiers are good in colour and taking in design; the plate armour of the Seven Champions and their squires—who enter to appropriate music, so that St. James of Spain comes on to a tune from *Carmen*, while St. Anthony of Italy is ushered in by the strains of "Garibaldi's Hymn"—has many a time and oft been seen before; of the pageantry in general it may be said that its effect is splendid enough, and the excess of it is not offensive. The best scene, it remains to add, is the fine Exterior of Castle Terror; it is the work of Mr. Hart, and if the moat were not so radiantly blue, it would be perfect.

But the best things in the Covent Garden pantomime are precisely the things that do not belong to it. Thus, in the second scene, the business of the play stands still while "The Famous

Jee Family" perform "The Last Rose of Summer" on a set of musical horseshoes, and the "Harmonious Blacksmith" on a sequence of musical anvils; their work is admirable of its kind, but, though they are supposed to be forging a magic sword for Jack, its connexion with the drama is obviously of the slenderest. Still more violent is the case of the Butterfly Ballet (which is married to the action much as a wedge to a log) of the feats of M. Cascabel, and of the antics of the two Black Cooks (Messrs. Griffin and Ardell). M. Cascabel—a "Change Artist"; the latest sensation from Paris—is singularly clever and adroit; his impersonations of Monsieur and Madame have a good effect of reality; his "Sarah Bernhardt" is brilliant caricature; his French baby is simply miraculous. Even better in their way are Messrs. Griffin and Ardell. These artists have no properties except a kitchen table and a couple of chairs; their style is marked by the simplicity, the precision, the technical perfection of classic art; they are as noiseless, as neat, as elegant as two cats; and the gymnastics they achieve are of incomparable merit. They convey an impression of ease and strangeness and rapidity that is not to be reproduced in words.

#### AN "APOSTOLIC" ARCHBISHOP.

IN a recent address, or rather instruction addressed, to Mgr. Persico by ten Roman Catholic Parnellites, directing him as to what manner of report it behoves him to present to the Holy Father on the state of Ireland, and what manner of action it behoves the Holy Father to take thereupon, our readers may recollect *inter alia* one very significant statement. The Papal envoy is informed that he has "been consoled by observing"—that is to say he is instructed to observe—the singular "apostolic wisdom which characterizes the (Irish) episcopate, and zeal which animates the clergy." We ventured at the time to offer some remarks on the peculiarities of this alleged apostolic wisdom and zeal, but we were hardly prepared, though it would be going too far—considering Ireland is the scene of the drama—to say that we were surprised, to meet with so speedy and so startling a verification of our criticisms. The mettlesome Archprelate of Cashel and "my dear Canon O'Mahony" have acquired a cunning in the use of their "apostolic" shillelaghs which any one might envy them. Our readers will remember that a resolution in support of the Government was passed at a Conservative meeting at Cork last week. Now the inalienable liberty of the subject is indeed precisely what "the Coercion Government" is charged with endeavouring to suppress by all sorts of "atrocities." But that of course means the liberty of the subject to think right, and the Cork Conservatives have asserted their liberty to think wrong—i.e. to think differently from "the majority"—to which obviously no man, or at all events no Irishman, can have any claim. To assert it indeed is "to fling down a gauntlet" and offer to the aforesaid "majority" an absolutely intolerable insult; it is a "challenge" and "nothing less than a formal declaration of war." The Nationalists are they that ought to speak, and whoever dare to speak against them, let them know that "they do so at their peril." So say "my dear Canon O'Mahony," and the *Cork Herald*, his interpreter.

This is the occasion and object of the latest utterance of "apostolic wisdom." We were going to say *hinc illæ lacryme*, but Dr. Croke and his dear Canon are very far indeed from appertaining to the philosophers of the weeping school. They are very wrathful, but tearful not at all, any more than was the great Apostle whose "apostolic wisdom" they so nobly emulate, in his early unconverted mood, when he "breathed forth threatenings and slaughter" against better men than himself. The Archbishop writing from "the Palace, Thurles" on Christmas Eve, with a truly Hibernian appreciation of the Christmas message of goodwill to men, begins his letter by assuring his dear Canon Mahony that he has "read with pleasure, and with pride as a Cork man, the published account of your proceedings in connexion with the mock trial and consequent imprisonment of Alderman Hooper. The speeches all round," continues his Grace, "were admirable, but as a practical man"—we shall see the force of this qualification presently—"I readily give the palm to yours." And then follow some coarse archiepiscopal jocosties of a kind more suggestive of the pot-house than "the palace," after which his Apostolic Grace remarks that "Alderman Hooper, in common with our other imprisoned patriots, deserves well of his country, and shall doubtless have his reward" in the world to come. But lest he should meanwhile miss his reward in this world—point on which "our patriots" are apt to be rather sensitive—the dear Canon is requested to accept "the enclosed cheque for 10*l.* towards the testimonial fund you have so justly and opportunely inaugurated for him." It is not very long, if we remember, since his Grace of Cashel enclosed a cheque for a memorial to be erected to "the Manchester Martyrs." We feel sure that Lord Ripon and the rest of the illustrious Ten will recognize in this Christmas pastoral of Dr. Croke a fresh illustration of the apostolic wisdom which characterizes the Irish episcopate. So much is plain on the face of it. But to take an adequate measure of the "practical" wisdom of this archiepiscopal deliverance—and the Archbishop is careful to remind us that he is "a practical man"—we must look a little more closely into "the zeal which animates the clergy" in the priestly person of Canon O'Mahony, P.P.

The text of the good Canon's speech, which so readily won the palm, does not appear in the *Times*, but its gist may safely be inferred from the laudatory and sympathetic article in which the *Cork Herald* effusively endorses it. It begins by calling loudly for the names of the traitors who disgraced themselves by passing the Conservative resolution, that they may at once be dealt with according to their deserts. And we quite agree with the Archbishop that the demand is a "practical" one—painfully practical, it might be termed. The *Herald* indeed takes care that there shall be no misunderstanding on that point. "There shall be no shilly-shallying on the Nationalist side. Canon O'Mahony put the question straight to the Conservatives on Friday. We have done the same in these columns." And it proceeds to formulate a very "straight" exposition of the crime of the Conservative offenders and the penalty thereby incurred. "They pledged themselves to support the Castle gang [*i.e.* the English Government] in their murderings, batonings, evictions, imprisonments, and general atrocities throughout Ireland"; and thus "they have taken a terrible responsibility for every act of the Coercion Government." That is their offence; and unless within twenty-four hours they make atonement by disavowing what they have done, they must take the consequences. "Let there be no more caterwauling afterwards, if the majority in Cork"—from whom they have dared to differ—"resort to all means of legitimate defence. . . . Base and craven indeed would the Nationalists of Cork be if they not snatch up the gauntlet thus deliberately flung at them." We need not split hairs over what is meant by "legitimate defence." That was explained by Lord Ripon and his friends when they gravely assured us that in the present struggle for constitutional liberty in Ireland none but constitutional methods of agitation have been recommended by the leaders or adopted by the people; whence it necessarily follows that terrorism, boycotting, and the Plan of Campaign are constitutional and legitimate methods. Two Irish bishops have come forward since then to declare publicly—what everybody knew well enough before—that these same legitimate and constitutional methods inevitably involve robbery and murder, and have had the courage to add—what everywhere out of "the Isle of Saints" might sound like a truism, especially on episcopal lips—that robbery and murder "are always sinful." Certainly the Decalogue says so, but "they didn't know everything down in Judea," and all, or nearly all, the rest of the Irish bishops prefer "the apostolic wisdom" of Archbishop Croke and Canon O'Mahony to the antiquated Conservatism of the Sinaiitic code. And the National League agrees with them. It has lost no time in passing a Resolution, aimed "straight" at the two recalcitrant bishops, to the effect that "they prefer to look up to Father Ryan, and those who think and feel with him, for moral as well as national guidance, rather than [to?] those self-sufficient individuals who are satisfied to give joy to our enemies by preaching in antagonism to the great majority of the hierarchy, clergy, and laity of the country." Whence it follows that the said "great majority" hold theft and murder not to be "always sinful," but very much the reverse.

It is waste of time, we are aware, to remind these mitred apostles of misrule and their disciples that only within the last few days the Head of their Church has gone out of his way "to testify publicly and solemnly that in the dominions of the English Crown [which include Ireland] the Catholic Church enjoys precious liberty, and to recognize that the merit of this is due to the Queen and her Government"—the murderous and atrocious "Castle gang" of the *Cork Herald*. According to Leo XIII., "the liberty which the Church enjoys in the English dominions is a noble eulogy for the Sovereign and the public administration of that great State"—which governs, according to the *Herald*, "by murderings, batonings, imprisonments, and general atrocities." "Moreover," adds the Pope, "whatever may be the legal position which the Catholic religion holds there, this fact is to be admired, that the spirit in which the laws are interpreted and applied is always benevolent." Yet Ireland has just been ringing with frantic denunciations of the brutal Protestant Government which has had the barbarity to imprison Father Ryan, even though, it seems, he is allowed—as he certainly would not be allowed in any other country in the world, Catholic or Protestant—to defy the prison regulations by retaining his clerical habit instead of wearing the ordinary prison dress. It is idle, we repeat, to remind these wise and apostolic personages of the rather glaring contrast between their own estimate of the situation and that of Leo XIII., for they have a ready reply; their political Pope, as they are never tired of assuring us, is not Leo XIII., but Mr. Parnell; perhaps it would have been more accurate to say O'Donovan Rossa. Be it so; they ought to know their own religion best—though Bishop O'Dwyer says their modes of action are "irreligious"—and it is anyhow a kind of religion which out of Ireland "no fellow can be expected to understand." But one consideration they might for their own sakes do wisely to bear in mind. Only the other day it was reported that a priest of the diocese of Prague, in a Catholic country where the Catholic Church is established and richly endowed, had been sent to prison for three months with hard labour for a seditious speech at a political meeting. There can be no shadow of doubt that, if the law was administered with anything like the same strictness in Ireland as in the Austrian Empire, the priests who would speedily find themselves in similar plight might be counted by hundreds if not by thousands. And we rather suspect that the names of the zealous Canon and his apostolic arch-prelate would figure on the

black list. With these exemplary Irish ecclesiastics a political speech means a seditious speech, and the making of political speeches is their favourite and habitual occupation. They owe it solely to the extreme—not to say excessive—"spirit of benevolence in which the laws are interpreted and applied" that they still enjoy the undeserved impunity they so grossly and insolently abuse.

#### DRAMATIC RECORD.

**M**ELODRAMA, unless at its very best, is not a very edifying affair. The audience is aware that certain set disasters must inevitably happen to the virtuous people at the instigation of the villains, and that all will be made well before the curtain falls; hero and heroine are sure to be kept out of their estates, or to be put in prison for crimes they never committed, or to endure both these afflictions; but the wicked man will assuredly fall into the pit that he is digging for his enemy, and, if he does not die a violent death towards the latter end of the last act, the police will claim their own. Knowing from long experience on what hollow pretexts sympathy is demanded, the spectator cannot be very sympathetic; and if melodrama at its best is so trite and shallow it is an exceedingly sorry business when it approaches its worst. Mr. Wilson Barrett has reopened the Globe with a melodrama called *The Golden Ladder*, which is almost, if not quite, as bad as the other melodrama *Siberia* at the house he recently occupied, the Princess's. There was some reason to suppose that Mr. Barrett understood the trick of this humble form of theatrical work, for *The Silver King* and one or two of the other plays which he has produced were good specimens of their kind; but *The Golden Ladder*, for which he and Mr. G. R. Sims bear the heavy responsibility between them, has really very little to recommend it and a very great deal to condemn it. A first requisite of melodrama is a strong and direct central interest; here, however, the story straggles sadly. The plot should be plain; here it is involved. Language should be terse and pointed; here the dialogue is frequently flat and excessive. The characters should be as fresh as the hard-and-fast laws of melodrama allow; in *The Golden Ladder* the regulation puppets fulfil their appointed task as usual, the foreign adventurer smiles and shows his teeth, the dishonest clerk loves his master's daughter and hates his favoured rival. The rival, the Rev. Frank Thornhill, played by Mr. Wilson Barrett, is a missionary, which is to a certain extent novel, but has this disadvantage that it affords the actor an opportunity for preaching in a monotonous style his method; of this he takes cruel advantage. Mr. Frank Thornhill sacrifices his whole fortune to pay the debts of his father-in-law, a banker, who was supposed to be wealthy, but is in fact ruined, and in danger of arrest for misappropriating money. There is nothing left for it then but a return to Madagascar, to Tamatave, where the French are in force, and it really looks as if something might happen here; but it presently appears that the visit to the Tropics is dramatically quite unremunerative. Owing to the treachery of a native servant, inspired by the two villains, the foreign adventurer and the banker's clerk, Thornhill is accused of poisoning fever-stricken patients, for whose benefit he had supplied some wine; there is an angry passage between the French and English captains of men-of-war anchored off the coast, but nothing really comes of it all, and if the episode of the poisoned wine were worth introducing at all, more should have been made of it. It is on the return of the fugitives to Hampstead, however, that quaint incidents which are intended to be thrilling are introduced. A plot to murder Thornhill is devised by his enemies, the adventurer and the clerk, who have possessed themselves of a mine which rightly belongs to the missionary. He is beguiled from his lodging and stabbed in the back while crossing the Heath; and then it is proposed to put a revolver in his dead hand, in order that he may be supposed to have shot himself. This is really trifling too much with the simplicity of audiences; for when a man shoots himself the wound does not bear any resemblance to a stab from a dagger, especially a stab in the back. Mrs. Thornhill rushes forward at the critical moment, accompanied by the highly respectable Hampstead tradesman in whose house she and her husband lodge; one of the villains, he who attacked Thornhill, is shot—so far as we could perceive by an accidental discharge of the revolver—and she is arrested for the crime. It is only worth while discussing this that it may be seen what rubbish is seriously put forward at a West-End theatre at a time when so much satisfaction is expressed at the satisfactory condition of the drama; but in these circumstances the incident is worth a passing comment. Thornhill, after having to all appearance fallen dead, rises, and is not in the slightest degree troubled by his wound. Still, the wound must remain as evidence of the attack on him. Now, of the two assailants one is a convict and the other a man whose antecedents certainly will not bear investigation; yet Mr. Barrett and Mr. Sims would like us to suppose that the word of these two men (neither of whom dare venture within reach of the police) is taken against that of a clergyman, whose wound attests his honesty, and of his wife, a lady of spotless reputation, who could have no possible reason for trying to murder a stranger on Hampstead Heath. The clergyman, moreover, knows the character of his assailants, and why they are anxious to put him out of the way. The authors, however, are bent on getting the heroine into prison, it being their notion to let her endure the afflictions which usually befall the

hero ; and to prison she consequently goes. The scenes which follow in the gaol will greatly distress sensitive spectators who are weak enough to be moved in spite of the obvious unreality of the affair, and will prove sadly tedious to those of less impressionable temperament. Is it possible that any considerable section of playgoers can feel gratification at the spectacle of an innocent woman shut up in prison, and wailing in agony at the knowledge that her only child is dying ; for it is made to appear that the mother's absence is killing the child ? Miss Eastlake plays with much earnestness, and the result is a most painful exhibition. There is in the play a great deal more foolishness, on which it would be tedious to dwell. The prisoner is pardoned for no better reason than that for which she was condemned. Meantime she has escaped by changing clothes with a visitor to the gaol. The proceedings of hero and heroine throughout struck us as equally unnatural and wearisome. One of the few commendable features of the performance was Mr. George Barrett's representation of a kindly old tradesman. The actor has played precisely the same sort of part in previous pieces, so that amongst its other merits is not that of novelty.

The managers of the Princess's cannot be congratulated on their choice of a Christmas entertainment. The revival of that curious mixture of vulgarity, sham sentiment, and false pathos which for many years has done duty as a dramatic version of the once popular story of the slaves of the Southern States could only be justified on the ground that it presented us with a more or less faithful picture of the social condition of these States before the War of Secession. It is hardly necessary to state that it does not do this. The play, if indeed it may be called a play, is entirely destitute of dramatic interest ; and it does not afford the same scope for the display of such talents as the artists engaged in it possess that is offered by the usual variety performance at the music-halls. If it were possible for one moment to take the piece seriously, it might be admitted that the characters to whom we are introduced were peculiarly interesting, owing to the fact that such specimens of humanity had never existed anywhere else. It seems that there were two very distinct and remarkable types among the cotton-planters, those who dressed, looked, and talked like the London shopwalker of to-day, and those who wore red shirts, and bore a strong resemblance, physically and mentally, to Captain Dirk Hatterack of happy memory. The former class were always either bankrupt or on the verge of bankruptcy, but whether this was due to their extravagant tailors' bills or not is left unexplained ; the latter, on the other hand, prospered exceedingly in spite of the enormous sums they squandered on slaves. It does not appear that these slaves were wanted for any other purpose than to act as whipping-posts, and it may be remarked that both the slave-masters and slave-traders—the latter, by the way, did not seem at home in their chin-heards—were curiously inexpert in the use of their whips. As to the other characters, whether white or black, they possessed one taste in common ; they sang in season and out of season with some spirit and more noise. Mr. John F. Sheridan, who is cast for the part of Jurisprudence Marks, "a lawyer," but who gives us instead a fairly clever imitation of Mr. Arthur Roberts, the well-known comedian, begins and ends with a song. The child Eva—a dreadful little prig—after boring the audience with her excessive amiability for three long acts, plucks up courage on her death-bed and sings with wonderful power and expression for so small a creature.

Holiday playgoers are not difficult to please, and it is possible that the Princess's may attract an indulgent overflow audience from the pantomimes ; but it does not seem likely that the East-end pleasure-seekers, who might appreciate the buffoonery and bad taste to be had at this theatre, will stray so far West to witness a performance which is not new and does not greatly differ from diversions nearer home. The audience at the first performance exhibited their appreciation of the entertainment by the cordial reception they accorded to the Bohe Brothers, the banjoists, who were introduced into the piece with a complete disregard of relevance. A similar introduction of another performer at the end of the first act did not meet with the same success ; the performance on the banjo being not sufficiently remarkable to compensate for bad dancing.

Mr. "Richard Henry," who is usually ingenious, has not availed himself of the excellent subject which gives its name to the new Gaiety burlesque. Indeed, *Frankenstein* is no more nor less than a very lively entertainment of the class popularly known as a "variety show," strung together upon a mere thread of a narrative. The "gods" on Christmas Eve, who had assembled in full force, took upon themselves in the noisiest fashion to remind the management that they expected a genuine burlesque, and not an entertainment which was half a variety show and half a pantomime. They behaved themselves questionably, and in a manner which is now very uncommon in England. Aggrieved by the curtailment of the pit, of which several rows had been annexed for this special occasion to the stalls, the occupants of that part of the house opened the campaign very early in the evening, and they were lustily assisted by certain mischievous spirits in the gallery. The result was that a running roar of hissing, hooting, and shouting kept pace with the extravaganza from beginning to end. It was vain even for that popular lady, Miss Nelly Farren, to appeal by eloquent looks to the angered "deities," and it was only when she or some other favourite was performing that there was some lull in the storm. Although there was no real excuse for such unruly conduct, nevertheless we admit that, as a literary production,

*Frankenstein* is decidedly undeserving of much applause. If the author had read some of those delightful extravaganzas which Planché and Mme. Vestris produced many years ago at the Lyceum, he would at once have perceived that, however light and amusing were these exquisite productions, however clever the allusions which they contained to political and other passing events, nothing was introduced which did not in some way bear directly upon the plot. This is certainly not the case in Mr. "Richard Henry's" last work, in which there is scarcely a song, duet, or chorus which contains a line concerning the dramatic situation in which it is sung. The actors sing about the riots in Trafalgar Square, the "Specials," Mr. Gladstone, the Jubilee, and the Irish question, but say little or nothing about poor *Frankenstein* and the uncanny work of art which he has, to his sorrow, endowed with life. Still *Frankenstein* is so cleverly acted and so magnificently costumed and "mounted," that it obtained an immediate success, notwithstanding its numerous shortcomings and the ire of the "gods." The scenery could not easily be surpassed. There is a view in the second act of "Somewhere in Spain," by Mr. Hawes Craven, which is even more beautiful than the sylvan scene by the same artist in the *Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum. A singularly transparent lake is seen glittering through the long vistas of a grove of young trees growing upon moss-covered rocks. When we consider the limits of the stage at this theatre, the air distance imparted is simply marvellous. It is a triumph of the scene-painter's art. Mr. Beverley, too, contributes a fine view in the Alps by moonlight, full of delightful atmospheric effects. Then, too, the snow-bound ship in the last act, which takes place in the Polar Sea, is very beautiful, with its ice-hung rigging and its mountainous icebergs, standing out vividly against a dense blue sky, sparkling with stars. It melts gradually into the "Paradise of the Constellations," a vast ice cavern, rich with prismatic hues, wherein takes place one of the most beautiful and elaborate ballet processions ever seen. The costumes are designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, who has clothed the representatives of the planets, the various signs of the Zodiac, and even of the Milky Way, in exquisite dresses, some of the *figurantes* looking for all the world as if they had stepped off Etruscan vases, so beautifully are they draped and so accurate are the jewels and other classical accessories which give brilliance to their fantastic attire. Thanks to the ability of the artists engaged, the piece is brightly acted. Miss Nelly Farren is simply bewitching as the hero, *Frankenstein*, acting with a dash and "go" and a fine sense of humour which places her on a level with the best actresses of her style which the French stage has produced. Mr. Fred Leslie is the Monster, but, odd to relate, he is at his best when he looks less like a monster and most like an eminent sporting character. He is very clever throughout, acting and singing with admirable spirit ; and so, too, is Mr. George Stone as the Model, a sort of replica of the Monster, and its boon companion, Mr. E. J. Lounen, as a Vampire Viscount, is made up as a "harmony in grey," everything about him, hands and face included, being in the Quaker-loved hue. Miss Emily Cross is a droll vampire spinster in love with the Monster, and Miss Sylvia Grey dances charmingly, à l'Anglaise of course. Mr. Meyer Lutz is the composer of the music, which is gay, but not very original.

The Empire Theatre has just been sumptuously re-decorated. It was a magnificent and commodious house from the very first, but now it is altogether the finest theatre in London, and one of the finest in Europe. The approaches, staircases, corridors, lobbies, refreshment saloons, and even the cloak rooms, are built on a liberal scale to which we are but little accustomed here, and they are furnished in a fashion worthy of Aladdin's palace. Richly embroidered Japanese hangings in gold and coloured silks cover the walls, and the floors, where not concealed by the thickest of Turkey carpets, show beautiful Venetian mosaic-work. Nothing has been left undone for the comfort of the spectators. The seats throughout are spacious and easy, and even those in the pit and gallery are softly cushioned. The interior of the theatre has been decorated under the supervision of Mr. Campbell Smith, and is a blaze of gilding and of rich colours blended with artistic taste. The general colouring is turquoise blue and indigo, rose colour and crimson, and black and gold, and the design is Persian in character. The ceiling is rather heavy, but undoubtedly the effect of the house when seen from the stage or from the centre of the dress-circle is very imposing. The programme of the entertainment provided by Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Augustus Harris follows closely that of the Alhambra, and in point of fact the "Empire Palace of Varieties" is a kind of *café chantant* fortunately so very well ventilated that the smoking allowed all over the house never becomes objectionable, as it often does at other resorts of this kind. There are two elaborate ballets, "Dilara" and "The Sports of England," both arranged by Mme. Katti Lanner, and both of them well worth seeing ; notably so the first, which is very picturesque.

#### THE BUSINESS YEAR.

ALL through 1886 trade had been slowly but steadily improving ; 1887 therefore opened with more sanguine hopes of coming prosperity than had been felt for a considerable time. Suddenly Prince Bismarck's memorable speech in the Reichstag, declaring war between France and Germany to be inevitable, though it was uncertain whether it would come in ten days or in ten years,

sent a thrill through every market in the world. There had been a great speculation in foreign Government bonds and industrial securities, more particularly those of American Railroad Companies, based partly upon financial changes in Germany, and partly upon the growing improvement in trade. This speech fell like a bombshell amongst the speculators. They had borrowed largely from the banks to carry on their operations, and the banks now grew nervous lest a sudden outbreak of war might bring on a financial crisis in the European capitals and precipitate a crash upon the Bourses. Consequently, loans were called in by the banks, and the speculators in alarm sold wildly everything for which a purchaser could be found. The scare was greatest in France. In the Eastern departments, which in case of a German invasion would become the theatre of war, the peasants became panic-stricken. They sold in many cases their cattle, horses, and even grain, and the panic spread from the peasants through the towns to Paris. For a week the Paris Bourse was the scene of the wildest alarm, and the *Coulisse*, or outer market, was practically ruined. For months afterwards the Paris Bourse continued utterly paralysed, and the paralysis of so great a market, in spite of the growing conviction that peace after all would be maintained, checked improvement in the European markets. Here at home the effects of the war scare were wearing away when the Jubilee celebrations diverted attention from business; and then a new cause of depression arose in apprehensions in the United States of a financial crisis. The American Government is suffering from a difficulty very unusual amongst nations; it has too much money. Its revenue greatly exceeds its expenditure, and for many years past it has been employing the surplus in redeeming such part of the debt as could be called in and paid off at par. The redemption caused a contraction of the note-circulation, or the lodgement in the Treasury of an equivalent amount of cash, and thus tended to diminish the money in circulation throughout the country; but on the 1st of July the whole of the debt immediately repayable at par was redeemed, and then fears arose that the surplus in the Treasury would become so large that there would not be sufficient money available for carrying on the commercial business of the country. The United States Government does not employ either a State or a Government bank, but the revenue is paid direct into the Treasury, and when once paid in there are no means of getting it out again, except in the discharge of the Government's current liabilities, or in purchases for the Sinking Fund. In consequence, the fear became so great that, in fact, large sums of money were hoarded by private persons, and in August and September the money market became exceedingly tight. At the beginning of October the Secretary of the Treasury took measures to put an end to the difficulty by very large purchases for the Sinking Fund, and by arranging that the surplus revenue should be lodged with depositary banks and not paid into the Treasury, and since then confidence has been reviving in the United States. But on the Continent apprehensions were again aroused, first by the illness of the Crown Prince of Germany, and next by the concentration of troops in Poland and the fear of a conflict between Russia and Austria-Hungary.

The war scare at the beginning of the year undoubtedly gave a check to trade. If hostilities had broken out provinces might have been occupied, great cities invested, and communications interrupted. It might have happened, consequently, that even the most solvent merchants would have been unable to fulfil their obligations, and, therefore, exporters were unwilling to give as large credits as they usually allow. Further, the outbreak of war would affect the course of business in so many ways impossible to be foreseen that commercial men naturally limited their operations to their current everyday business. They were unwilling to enter into enterprises requiring a long time to complete, and speculative business was altogether avoided. Lastly, capitalists, foreseeing that war on a great scale would lead to vast loans, would send down prices of all kinds, and occasion a very considerable rise in the value of money, were indisposed to make advances for any long time. They desired, on the contrary, to keep under their control as much as possible of their funds, so as to be able to take advantage of every favourable opportunity that might occur. For the first few months of the year, therefore, there was a decided check given to trade; but, as soon as the increase of the German army was voted, the business world came to the conclusion that an arrangement between Germany and France would be arrived at, and that war, for the current year at any rate, was not to be apprehended. Confidence, therefore, gradually recovered. In the meantime the forces which had already begun to bring about an improvement in trade were steadily acting. The fall in prices had practically come to an end in the early part of 1886. There were in some directions indications even of a rise, and the more far-seeing of the business community were watching for a favourable opportunity to lay in stocks. While the fall in prices had been going on traders found it unprofitable to increase, or even to keep up, the stocks of commodities which they usually lay in. By doing so they bought at higher prices than they could have bought at by putting off their purchases for a little while. Consequently traders bought while the fall was going on only as much stock as was absolutely requisite from day to day to carry on their business, and the result was that stocks of commodities all over the world became unusually small. When the fall in prices at last came to an end, and a period of stationary prices followed, every one felt that it would be necessary to increase stocks, but none was willing to make the first move. They were still uncertain whether the fall had entirely ended, and each consequently

was waiting for the signal to be given by his neighbours. This lowness of stocks and the steadiness with which prices were maintained for months together were a sure sign that a recovery in prices was about to set in. The rise would probably have come very early in 1887 had it not been for the war scare. Owing to that it was postponed to the summer; but then a rise began in a direction perhaps least expected. During the four years 1880-1883 there had been an excessively large construction of shipping all over the world. The price of ships in consequence fell, and equally ruinous was the fall in freights. Gradually, however, the loss of ships through wrecks and other casualties, and the increase in business, made the supply of vessels inadequate to the wants of the world, and towards the end of the summer there came to be felt an actual insufficiency of shipping. Freights began to rise, and as the autumn advanced it was found necessary to increase considerably the orders for new shipping which for the last few years had been given. This rise in freights is perhaps the most certain evidence of the decided improvement that has occurred in trade. The shipping industry is so large, the interests of shipowners are so various, and the difficulty of bringing about an understanding so insuperable, that it is impossible that a rise in freights so general and so considerable as has taken place could be the work of manipulation. If it is not, it affords clear proof that the volume of goods moved from country to country has increased considerably; in other words, that the amount of business done is larger than it was. And the evidence afforded by the rise in freights is strengthened by the testimony of the railway traffic returns in the leading countries of the world. The rise in freights was rapidly followed by a considerable increase in the exports of coal; then there came a rise in the metal markets, and this has been followed by a rise in the produce markets.

Of course speculation has stepped in to exaggerate the improvement in business; but this influence of speculation is itself an evidence that the improvement is a fact. The shrewdest portion of the business community—men whose lives are devoted to watching the phenomena of commerce, and who have command of vast capitals which they are not likely to risk on slight grounds—have convinced themselves that all the conditions of trade throughout the world have so greatly changed that not only is no fear to be entertained of a continuance of the fall in prices, but that, on the contrary, a rise in prices is inevitable, and that it needs only a little artificial help to make the rise very considerable indeed. A world-wide speculation, not in securities only, but in commodities also, such as we witness at the present moment, is itself an evidence of a decided improvement; and the evidence is all the stronger when the speculation is conducted in the very teeth of almost universal apprehensions of a great war. Perhaps the most remarkable and the most significant instance of a rise in price is afforded by the extraordinary advance in the price of copper in the past two months. It has risen from about 39*l.* a ton to about 85*l.* a ton. There is no doubt at all that the price of copper had been unduly depressed. Many copper mines all over the world were closed when the price fell to 40*l.* a ton and under, and even the mines that remained open were many of them understood to be working at a loss. A recovery in the price was therefore inevitable, and the shrewdest in the trade had been expecting a recovery for a considerable time past; but there is hardly room for any more doubt that the rise which actually has occurred is as exaggerated as was the previous fall. About 2 millions sterling would have bought up the whole of the stocks of copper in England and France; and a rich syndicate took advantage of the fact to purchase all the stocks in the market, when they were able to raise the price to any point they pleased. An immediate increase in the output is not possible. And, as the syndicate is very rich, and is said to be buying all the supplies coming into the market, it is quite possible that it may send the price even higher still. Indeed, to such a syndicate there is no difficulty in raising the price; the real difficulty will come when the syndicate tries to sell again what it has bought. But whether the price has already reached a maximum, or whether it is to be carried further, it is already much above the natural limit which would be determined by a perfectly free market, and sooner or later there must be a fall. However, the circumstance to which we would specially direct attention is that the speculation in copper was conceived in France and has been carried out by a French syndicate. In this we have evidence of an entire change in the feeling of the business community in France. For months after the war scare no French capitalist dared to engage in any risk that involved even a few weeks' waiting. Speculation, therefore, was entirely out of the question; but now French capitalists are found acting together with millions of money to control and manipulate an important market, and to more than double the price of an article of almost universal consumption; and they succeed in doing this at a time when fears of war are again prevalent in Europe, and immediately after a Presidential crisis in their own country. The whole feeling in France must evidently have changed when such a speculation as this has become possible and has been carried on for months together. The forces tending to improve trade have, notwithstanding the war scare, been operating in France as well as elsewhere. The trade improvement and the continued maintenance of peace all through the year have breathed confidence once more into the commercial community, and Frenchmen are found to be speculating almost as wildly as Americans, and far more boldly than Englishmen.

The year, then, which began in almost panic in the markets,

alike for securities and for commodities, is ending "with a spirit of confidence and speculation prevalent in both. Apprehensions of war again exist; but, in spite of these apprehensions, business is more active than it was, and men are looking forward with higher hopes to the coming year. If peace can be maintained, then, there is every ground for believing, that the New Year will be more prosperous than any we have witnessed for a long time past. Trade in Europe has decidedly improved; in the United States there has been a marked revival; and the improvement is almost sure to go on if it is not checked by the outbreak of war. In the United States, it is true, there are some unfavourable symptoms. The maize crop was very deficient, and this deficiency will, of course, lessen the consuming power of the Western farmers. Not only this, but it will diminish also the power of feeding hogs, and hog products being among the most important items of export in the United States, the deficiency in both will have more or less of a depressing effect. Further, the rise of the rates of interest and discount in the later summer greatly checked railway construction. The check given to railway building lessened the demand for iron and coal, and the check given to these two great industries can hardly fail also to have some depressing effect. On the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that the rise in the produce markets generally will, to some extent at least, neutralize the deficiency in the cereal crops, since it will give to the farmers a better price for what remains; and as the rates of interest and discount have now declined, railway Companies will have less difficulty in borrowing money than before. It is, however, not desirable that railway construction should be pushed forward too rapidly, since over-construction always leads to crises and panics. The check given to railway construction, though it may lessen the feverish haste with which improvement was being pushed forward, will, in the long run, prove beneficial. It will prevent too much capital being sunk in too short a time, and thus will postpone the inevitable reaction which follows upon a great speculative outburst. The slight check, then, to American prosperity, due to the deficiency in the maize crop and the slower railway building, is not likely to be severely felt. Trade all over the Union is prosperous, and promises to continue so, while in Europe the prospects of the New Year, as we have already said, are brighter than those of any year for a long time past, unless, indeed, the outbreak of war should check the improvement. It may be doubted, however, whether even war would put an end to the improvement, though it would make it slower and less general; but war unquestionably would cause a great fall on the stock-markets, and would greatly disturb the money-markets.

## MASKEYNE AND COOKE.

THE programme at the Egyptian Hall has been strengthened by the addition of a revised version of "Cleopatra's Needle," a budget of clever illusions which was first performed some seven years ago. The many mystifications which are produced by the agency of a model—not a very realistic one, by the way—of Cleopatra's Needle are all in Mr. Maskelyne's familiar vein. They are, if anything, cleverer than those invented for "Arcana," if not quite so novel. The inquiring spirit can form a reasonable idea of how the mysterious appearances in "Arcana" are managed; but he would need to be deeply versed in the science of mechanical conjuring to pluck out the heart of the mystery in "Cleopatra's Needle." The farcical sketch which forms a vehicle for introducing the tricks is a mere extravaganza, and by no means a clever extravaganza, founded upon the temptations of St. Anthony. The elderly saint has in his cell a model of the obelisk that stands upon the Victoria Embankment. He has spent his life in studying its hieroglyphics, and is still immersed in his researches when his temptations begin. A succession of imps, vomited from the hollow monolith, perform a number of buffooneries, and the Saint is at last seduced from the path of rectitude by the charms of a young person in yellow silk trowsers. Mr. J. Hansard's make-up as an elderly masher about to elope is exceedingly funny, and could hardly be better. Of the illusions themselves it is enough to say that they are all mechanical, and are akin to those performed with the "magical cabinet," of which so many varieties have been seen at the Egyptian Hall. Their ingenuity is not lessened by the fact that mechanism is required for their production; and, indeed, there are so few conjurers who possess real inventive talent that a clever feat aided by machinery is as welcome as one which depends for its success upon the highest accomplishment in the subtle and delicate art of palming. A trick performed solely by means of personal skill and dexterity of manualization is, of course, conjuring *in excelsis*; but many of the most famous tricks have been dependent upon external aid. "Arcana; or, Original Research," which we described lately, still holds a place in Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's programme. Its illusions, which are in the nature of those made popular by M. Bautier de Kolta, are exceedingly well invented; and the amusing trifle is rendered the more attractive by being very fairly acted. Mr. H. Verne's "musical sketches" are excellent, and are altogether free from the vulgarity with which such performances are often tainted; but his exhibitions of ventriloquism are lamentably unoriginal.

## THE PREMIERSHIP AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN the political evolution of species a new type of the British peer has developed itself—the young nobleman who is weary of his nobility, and who desires to see the House of Lords abolished in order that a career may be open to himself in the Commons. He is usually a politician who has addressed one or two public meetings with a success in a considerable degree due to the rank which he despises and regards as a disqualification. He has perhaps attained to the dignity of a lord-in-waiting in the Administration of the party to which he belongs; and, in pursuit of the useful system invented by Mr. Gladstone, has been attached to one of the Government departments unrepresented in the Upper House, and has gained some expertise in answering questions and some acquaintance with official business. If he were in the House of Commons, he thinks that, instead of being a lord-in-waiting, he would have been Secretary to the Board to which he is sort of external affix, or even an Under-Secretary of State, and might see his way to the headship of a minor department and be within measurable distance of the Cabinet. He would be able to take part in debates; in short, he persuades himself that it is only through his misfortune in being a peer that he is not playing the part of Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain in public life. He regards the House of Lords as a sort of gilded cage in which he can only hop from perch to perch, and against the bars of which he would beat his wings in vain if there were any use in attempting flights. In nine cases out of ten the young peer labours under an illusion of egotism and vanity. He is what he is through his being a peer; and, instead of being a much greater personage, he would be a much smaller one if he were a commoner. The certainty of a continuous Parliamentary career may be set against the extreme uncertainty which the average young nobleman would experience in gaining and keeping a constituency. The House of Lords, however, does not exist in order to enable noble youths to show off; and it will not be abolished because it fails to provide them with a sufficiently conspicuous stage and leading parts.

A more plausible, though not a sounder, objection is sometimes made to the existence of a Second Chamber mainly, if not altogether, hereditary. In many instances it divorces statesmen of the first rank from the House in which their authority would be most directly and powerfully brought to bear upon public affairs. What would have happened, it is sometimes asked, if Mr. Pitt had been the eldest son of Lord Chatham, and so unable to gratify his boyish ambition of "speaking in the House of Commons like papa"? If fortune had converted Charles Fox into Lord Holland the history of England as it is written in the Parliamentary debates would have been different. Lord Palmerston, it is said, declined to qualify himself as an Irish peer lest an ingenious artifice of his adversaries should elect him to the House of Lords. The story has probably no foundation; for he would not, so far as we know, have been under any constitutional obligation to accept election. We may, however, take it for granted that if Pitt, Fox, and Palmerston had sat in the House of Lords, they would not have sunk into nonentity. They would probably have played, if a somewhat different, yet as great a part in affairs as that which actually fell to them. There is a remarkable power of accommodation in English political character and institutions. Lord Grey, Lord Derby, and Lord Beaconsfield were not extinguished by their earldoms; and Lord Salisbury's marquise has not prevented his being the leader of his party, not only in the Chamber in which he sits, but in the country, and a force in the formation and direction of opinion second only, if second, to Mr. Gladstone himself. Possibly he may be inclined now and then on political grounds to regret that he is not still Lord Robert Cecil, and that he cannot encounter Mr. Gladstone face to face and foot to foot. The Government would certainly be strengthened in the House of Commons if he were there; but it may be doubted whether, taking the present conditions of public service into account, it would as a whole be strengthened in the country. Against the added power which he would give to his party in debate must be set the waste of valuable time and of high faculties in combating the devices of obstruction, in the laborious frivolities of question-time, and in submergence under the deluge of words which, like the Pontic Sea, feels no retiring ebb, but keeps due on.

The question has sometimes been raised whether the Prime Minister ought to be in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons. It is an idle one, though it has been seriously discussed by serious persons. Sir Robert Peel, in the evidence which he gave before a Select Committee, expressed a strong opinion that the head of the Government should be a peer. The labours of leadership in the House of Commons, he said, were so great, and had such a tendency to become greater, that a Prime Minister occupying that position could not possibly give proper attention to the general business of Government, which was his first concern and duty. Sir George Cornewall Lewis took a similar view. As a general proposition, this doctrine is refuted by the recent examples of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone. It must be admitted that it is an advantage for the Prime Minister to be in personal contact with the governing Assembly of the country, so that he can receive impressions from it and give guidance to it at first hand, acting and reacting immediately with and upon it. On the other hand, its character and tendencies may often be better estimated by an outsider not too remote from it than by a man who is in the very heart of the conflict. A cooler and more disinterested judgment can be formed. It is an old

remark that a man engaged in a battle sees little of it. The commander of an army would be able to do nothing if he were not at a little distance from the field, and able to survey it as a whole. The leadership of the House of Commons, apart from the duties of premiership, is, moreover, enough to tax all the resources of the most experienced politician. Some years ago, when Lord John Russell led the House without office, a proposal was made that the leadership should be distinctly recognized by attaching a salary to it. It was urged that a person filling that post without holding office under the Crown imperfectly complied with the conditions which ought to attach Ministerial responsibility to him. Lord John Russell answered truly enough that the responsibility belonged to him as a Privy Councillor for any advice which he might offer to the Crown, and not to him as holding any particular office or not holding any office at all. Whatever advantage belonged to the proposal, crudely thrown out by a private and not very important member, is more than gained by the judicious innovation of Lord Salisbury, who in detaching the First Lordship of the Treasury from necessary connexion with the Premiership, and so enabling it to be held by the leader of the House of Commons when the Prime Minister is in the Lords, has precisely met the exigencies of the case.

This arrangement, it is well known, is viewed by Mr. Gladstone with the gravest dissatisfaction. He regards it as a degradation of a great historic post, which from the time of Sir Robert Walpole has carried with it the rank of First Minister of the Crown. There is in Mr. Gladstone an odd and capricious Conservatism which, banished from the general field of policy, takes refuge in odd nooks and corners of administrative detail, and renders him less accessible than almost any conspicuous politician of his time to minor considerations of convenience. In this respect he singularly lacks flexibility of mind. He views with distrust and dislike the association of the Premiership with any of the great offices of the State except that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, with which the First Lordship of the Treasury has an historical and departmental, though little more than a titular, connexion. Why a Prime Minister who may be, as Mr. Gladstone has been, also Chancellor of the Exchequer, may not be Foreign Secretary, it would be hard to say, except on those grounds of precedent and routine to which Mr. Gladstone in this connexion attaches a strange and superstitious importance. It is one of the happy incidents of the chance which places the man who is necessarily Prime Minister in the House of Lords that it enables him to take also an office of the first importance for which he may have unique qualifications. Mr. Gladstone states, on the authority of Lord Granville, who was Foreign Secretary for twenty years, that the association of that office with the Premiership must overtax the strength of any one man. Possibly it would overtax Lord Granville's strength; but he has never had any opportunity of trying the combination. There are critics who say that the office of Foreign Secretary alone was more than Lord Granville could well sustain; and it is a curious fact that in his latest Administration Mr. Gladstone did not invite him to return to it. It is noteworthy, moreover, that Lord Salisbury's foreign policy is in Mr. Gladstone's view the one redeeming feature of his government; and that, so far as he is informed about it, it has his cordial concurrence and approval. The fact is that a Prime Minister in the Lords who is Foreign Secretary also discharges functions far less fatiguing than a Prime Minister who is Leader of the House of Commons. The balance of advantages between the arrangement which places the First Minister of the Crown in the Lords and that which places him in the Commons is on the whole as nearly equal as may be, and will be turned in one direction or the other by considerations of individual capacity, character, and authority. When the Premier is a peer it is essential that the Leader of the Government in the other House should be a man not merely intrinsically qualified for his post, but of self-denying loyalty to his chief. When Lord Castlereagh, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Althorp, Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir Stafford Northcote filled this office in the Administrations of Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Lord Derby, and Lord Beaconsfield, this condition was amply fulfilled. The misgivings which have been lately suggested in contemplation of an arrangement which, on Mr. Gladstone's retirement from political life, should make a respectable mediocrity like Lord Spencer, or a sprightly ingenuity like Lord Rosebery, prime minister, with Sir William Harcourt as his lieutenant in the Commons, are due solely to peculiarities of personal character which cannot be erected into a rule for the distribution of political offices.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

SOME fine pictures by foreigners of the past and present generations are now on view at the Goupil Galleries. A couple of excellent and undoubted Corots differ greatly in character. The larger of the two figured conspicuously in the collection of French and Dutch pictures which Mr. Hamilton Bruce brought together at the Edinburgh Exhibition. Rightly named "The Storm" this canvas (51) shows Corot in a mood quite unusual with him, and consequently possesses no small interest for those who know his work. Leaving his quest of

serene and peaceful beauty, the master here occupies himself with an aspect of barren and savage nature. He seeks to convey the effect of a driving wind and a torn and overcast sky on the sand-hills and ragged vegetation of a cold and bleak-looking coast. And, though he succeeds, owing to his accomplished style and his trained powers of observation, in making manifest a sincere sentiment, it must be admitted that grander work has been done with a similar motive. If Corot has managed to solemnize the sweetness of his colour and somewhat invigorate the beauty of his handling, he has still failed to attain the rugged majesty which Rousseau or Millet might have imparted to the scene. Particularly in the sky one feels the want of their boldness in massing, and one might almost say their brutality of touch. The smaller picture, "Landscape and Cattle" (45), on the contrary, is painted with the fairylike grace and quiet dreaminess of Corot's well-known pastoral style. Vaporous trees, a quiet pool, soft grass, feathered reeds, figures, cattle, and a distant glimpse of village are all blended in the aerial breadth of a luminous grey haze. It is, in fact, a picture in which local colour is throughout very much subordinated to atmospheric. The handling is worked in a solid impasto, with all the brilliant delicacy of china-painting, and, of course, with ten times its subtlety and meaning. Such decorative quality, when added to a high poetic and representative truth, becomes doubly fascinating. Perhaps the largest landscape in the show is a dark, solemn Daubigny, characteristically green and unsymmetrically composed. This picture, entitled "Maison de la Mère Bazot" (50), pleases rather by its force of sentiment and its strength of tone than by the quality of a workmanship which is somewhat heavy and leaden. In Courbet's "Forest and Cascade" (13) a silver thread of water sparkles in the mysterious gloom of overhanging rocks and rich sombre autumn foliage. Two vigorous "lay-ins" belong to the same romantic school. We have a mellow brown "Sunset" (16), by Jules Dupré, transparent and luminous in quality, and free from harsh or brassy notes of colour; and also a dashing sketch of singers in a boat, called "Constantinople" (6). Clever landscape work bears the names of Potkonow, Flameng, and Ridgeway Knight. The styles of several well-known men are exemplified in the figure subjects. Best of all, that of Bastien Lepage, in "Going to School" (25). Catching subjects of this sort have been very frequently painted in England during the present century, but very rarely with this artistic truth and conscientious seriousness of purpose. Though charming in its feeling, the figure of the little girl has not been treated with the pretty meaningless colouring of a Christmas card. The local tints of the flesh and clothes have been rigorously subjected to the general effect of light and position, and some very pleasing and subtle relations of tone result—as, for instance, those between the shadows on the road and wall and the colour of the child's hood. Mr. Carolus Duran's "Salomé" (49) is a showy canvas not refined in colour, except in the flesh tints generally, and more especially in the piquant and dexterously handled head. Mr. G. L. Gérôme in "Awakening" (5) shows his mastery of technique by the way in which he resolves a difficult problem. He models his nude figure solidly and thoroughly in the midst of a deep grey shadow, contrasting with a bright patch of sunlight on the floor, and yet in spite of the low tone he preserves an illusion of brilliancy and purity in his flesh tints. As to his idealization, it consists merely in smoothing the curves and the colour of the figure. A stylish and piquant treatment of a child, "Ada; Three Years Old" (32), by Mr. M. Weber, should not be overlooked, and works by P. Bille, F. Uhde, R. Ribera, Fichet, Petten-Kofen, Israels, Müller, and one or two others deserve notice for various qualities of art.

Mr. Clifford has several pictures and etchings of interest in his gallery in Piccadilly. A collection of twenty pictures in oils and half a dozen etchings, the work of Mr. Strang, one of Mr. Legros's pupils, at the Slade, reveals an artistic consistency of style applied to a quite determined line of sentiment. Mr. Strang is in no way an ordinary realist, a profession which nowadays may be entered upon through the discoveries of others with little or no originality of vision. Nor, though we detect Mr. Legros's influence in his painting and Rembrandt's in his etching, does he accept ready made a convention of art any more than a sentiment of nature. His oil work, though dignified in aim and composed with a classic feeling not devoid of originality, may be with justice accused of a certain rawness in the colouring and some awkwardness in the handling. But, if he has not as yet perfected himself in the technique of the brush, in his use of the etching-needle, whether to express his own ideas or to translate those of others, Mr. Strang is already an artist of the first order. Something in the broad, simple gradations of low, full tone in the etchings "Sorrow" and "The Woodman" impresses one with a touch of feeling not unlike the solemn pathos in an "Adagio" by Beethoven. "Head of a Peasant," also a superb etching, rouses one by the bold and resolute style of its chiaroscuro. Mr. Strang has reproduced with far-reaching thoroughness of modelling Rembrandt's portrait of himself as an old man, from the National Gallery, as well as Correggio's "Mercury, Venus, and Cupid," and Velasquez's "Christ at the Column," from the same collection. These are real etchings, without any humbug, any ingenuities of printing, or any approximations to the bituminous-looking surface of old pictures. Every subtlety of the originals has been followed by true line process, and thus every gradation of tone is intentional and serves to advance the modelling. Mr. Clifford has also on view a couple of pleasant, graceful sketches by Mr. Arthur Lemon.

a strong etching of a lion's head by Mr. H. Dicksee, and two clever little mezzotints after Turner by Mr. A. S. Handford.

The picture "Abu Klea," exhibited by Messrs. Dickinson in Bond Street, is not pleasing as a work of art, chiefly because interest has been sought entirely outside of artistic principles. Where interest has been sought it will be found; and this picture is only meant to serve the purpose of a photograph group of the more notable people present on a memorable occasion. No attempt has been made to show the men situated as they really were, or to illustrate the attack on the Square. In fact the figures are all posed facing the spectator, some truth in the appearance of the landscape being the only concession to reality in the work. The likenesses are fairly good, in the somewhat stiff fashion of pictures made up by collaboration, and the use of notes and photographs, rather than the inspiration of an artistic conception of the scene. More than forty portraits are given, amongst which are Sir Herbert Stewart and his aide-de-camp Colonel Rhodes on horseback, Sir Charles Wilson and Colonel Burnaby on foot, Mr. Burleigh sitting in the foreground, and two wounded officers, Colonel Gough and Major Dickson, at the extreme right.

Mr. R. W. Macbeth's etching after F. Walker's "Bathers" is now to be seen at Mr. Agnew's, Bond Street. Walker produced this picture, one of his best, in 1866, and it was lately exhibited during the "Graham sale" at Messrs. Christie & Manson's. We have so fully discussed Mr. Macbeth's system of etching when dealing with his reproductions of Mason and Titian that it is merely necessary to say that this one is as good as any that he has done. In his own art Mr. Macbeth is much in sympathy with Walker, and his coloured and somewhat overloaded manner of etching happens to be particularly adapted to the style of this picture. We also noticed a translation of Mr. Burne Jones's "Flamma Vestalis," very elaborately and tastefully etched by Mr. Gaujean.

A host of pot-boilers and work by men who have learnt the formulas of art as a trade make the Continental gallery rather depressing. "Ignorance," by Mr. Comerre-Paton, "Pensierosa," by Mr. E. A. Sain, are painted in a large style, but nothing has been gained by that. It is a purely negative virtue to leave out small details if you do not at the same time emphasize the character of larger masses. Nothing has any shape or true aerial colour in these works, for all their affectation of a broad, atmospheric style of painting. They exhibit a round, characterless modelling, with so little feeling for subtleties of plane that one cannot help regretting that their authors ever learnt the elements of a more effective style than the common niggling of the uneducated painter. A really huge canvas, "St. Gotthardt" (162), by Mr. P. Fleischer, shows the workmen welcomed by their friends as they come out of the excavation works in the tunnel. Though far from refined, this picture has some "go" in it, and some sentiment, as well as a certain coarse grip of form. Mr. L. Benner's "Magdeleine" (16) is, without doubt, the best and most subtly modelled of the large figure pictures. As to its colour, he would be bold who would pronounce judgment, seeing that it is exhibited in a dark chimney under artificial light. "La Folie" (76), by Mr. L. Royer, may count for another fairly modelled, though cold, study of the nude on an extensive scale. Mr. E. Chaperon's "Regimental Bath" (100) merits attention as a patient, calm, and utterly unidealized treatment of ordinary nature. When we come to a little picture, "The Old Woman and Two Servants" (156), an illustration of La Fontaine by Mr. P. Nanteuil, we have reached by far the most refined and delicate treatment of the nude in the gallery. Somewhat stiff and prim in its classicality, this picture nevertheless reveals an admirable capacity of drawing nature without vulgarity, of elaborating form without dryness, and of producing a set scheme of colouring without a total lack of aerial refinement. The best landscapes in the place are a dark rich "Wood Landscape" (23), loosely handled with considerable charm, by Diaz; a pleasant little canvas, "Thro' the Woods" (136), by the Belgian Van Luppen; and a sincere and unaffected sketch, "Wood Landscape, Antwerp" (88), by Mr. J. Lamorinière.

#### ANATOMY OF ACTING.

WE intend to express no disrespect towards Mr. Archer, but only sympathy, when we say that an ordinary angel would have hesitated to set foot on the ground on to which he, in *Longman's Magazine*, has thought fit to rush headlong. His ingenuousness is displayed in the list he gives us of the members of the dramatic calling to whom he has somewhat naively applied for information. We miss amongst the professional humourists the names of Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Corney Grain, and Mr. Irving, but we find those of Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Beerbohm-Tre, Mr. Brough, and Mr. Pinero. That a querist in quest of information with which he has no right to be supplied should apply to the four last-named authorities shows either an extraordinary amount of simple confidence or an extraordinary lack of the sense of humour. Can any one be indignant or even surprised that the bright spirits to whom he addressed his strange code of questions (which he tells us, with pardonable exultation, has "come to be known as the 'Actor's Catechism'") should have availed themselves of the opportunity to make a little fun at his expense? It was hardly necessary when Mr. Archer threw down the glove in challenge for such antagonists as we have mentioned to draw forth their

most brilliant or deadly weapons. Mr. Archer's calibre, in the arena of humorous tourney, may be very fairly estimated from the following passage taken from the article before us:—

It may be taken as a certainty, then, that tears are habitually shed on the stage, and sometimes very copiously. It used to be a standing joke at the Lyceum that when *Charles I.* was in the bill the prudent actor would always bring his goloshes to the theatre, while the scene-shifters between the acts had to dry the stage with mops. There is probably a little exaggeration in this, but even a joke must be founded on fact, else it is no joke at all.

The actors and actresses whose sense of humour or of expediency has outweighed their sense of dignity sufficiently to enable them to send answers to "what has come to be known as the 'Actor's Catechism,'" may be divided, like the seed strewn by the sower, into classes. Some have answered from an irresistible desire to retort playfully to a somewhat unlively inquisition. Some have answered from sheer vanity, and some because it never occurred to them that the alternative of refusal or silence was open to them. We should fancy that Mrs. Bancroft is certainly to be included in the first category. She dazzles Mr. Archer with a brilliant and bewildering confusion of similes. She speaks of a "five-barred gate over which her tears refuse to leap," "a bell with a wooden tongue which makes a sound—but there it ends," "a casket with the jewel absent," and so forth, all of which our excellent Mr. Archer accepts in perfect good faith. She tells a pretty little story of a small child who watched for a long time an emotional scene between two people. "When asked what he thought of it, he answered, 'I like that one best.' 'Why?' 'She speaks like telling the truth, and the other speaks like telling lies.' What criticism can be finer than this? One was acting straight from the heart, the other from not even next-door-but-one to it." To which Mr. Archer appends the elaborate comment:—

To give this anecdote its full value we should of course have positive evidence that the one was in tears, the other dry-eyed and unmoved. For obvious reasons such evidence is unattainable; but Mrs. Bancroft, watching the scene doubtless from close at hand, and certainly with the keen eye of a mistress of the craft, is a scarcely less trustworthy witness than the artists themselves.

Surely Mr. Archer must be related to the historical person who witnessed a performance of *As You Like It*, and who found fault with him who played the Banished Duke, saying:—"The man made a most ridiculous blunder. He spoke of finding 'books in the running brooks and sermons in stones,' which is preposterous. Of course it should have been the other way about—'Sermons in books, stones in the running brooks'; there's some reason in that." Mr. Archer dwells at some length upon the text that, "of the simple emotions, grief in all its phases is, to the actor, by far the most important." This may or may not be true; but it is at all events a platitude so apparently true that the natural consequence—which Mr. Archer seems to overlook—is that every actor interrogated will assert that his grief is absolutely genuine, and may also very possibly believe that it is so. The only respondent on this point who gives an answer which bears the stamp of genuineness is Mr. Pinero, who is above suspicion, as we believe he is no longer an actor. Mr. Pinero says:—"With a week's practice any one can learn to produce tears at will. You have only to breathe, not through the nose, but through the closed throat." And, incredible as it may sound, Mr. Archer gravely remarks:—"I have not yet been able to put this theory to the test, for a spare week is not easily to be commanded in this busy world." We earnestly beg Mr. Archer to try no hazardous experiments in the direction silly indicated by Mr. Pinero during his next vacation.

We do not class Mr. Wilson Barrett among the scoffers. We believe his replies must have been written absolutely in the spirit in which Mr. Archer framed his questions. We regret, however, that, owing no doubt to a printer's error, the word "Art" appears repeatedly with a small "a"; but we can assure Mr. Wilson Barrett that he need not worry himself, as not one person in ten will notice it. Surely Mr. John Clayton must have been squeezing a laugh into his sleeve when he informed poor Mr. Archer that there are lines in *All for Her* which "he can scarcely quote in ordinary talk without a tremor in his voice." They were lines, Mr. Archer tells us, which produced an effect upon the audience which was expressed "not in immediate applause, but in absorbed, breathless, tearful silence." Mr. Vezin introduces a new element into the discussion—which, however, his interlocutor does not follow up—by remarking that the "natural breaking of the voice sometimes occurs apart from tears." We are bound to say we have never known such a calamity to overtake the "scholarly elocutionist" who hazards the statement. We should have thought Mr. Archer would have been on his guard when exposing himself to the keen point of Mr. Beerbohm Tre's humour. But no. He receives the full force of the lungs and does not even cry "Touché." He prints Mr. Beerbohm Tre's theory, in all seriousness and good faith, that "some people have sensitive lachrymal glands, which may be affected by the simple touch of the onion—apply the vegetable and the tears will flow." Mr. Archer pays a high tribute to the dramatic abandonment of the beautiful American actress now in our midst. He goes so far as to say—referring to a particular point in *The Winter's Tale*:—"I have myself, with the aid of an opera-glass, seen Miss Anderson's eyes very distinctly suffused."

It might appear, at first sight, superfluous and unkind to draw attention as we have done to the childlike manner in which Mr. Archer has exposed himself to the satire of a fine, but rather

cynical, body of men. But we observe at the end of his article the words "*To be continued.*" As the question which occupies his first essay is only one of seventeen, it seems to us only friendly to point out to him that possibly many of those whose co-operation he has sought do not approach the subject in quite the solemn spirit which he seems to deem suitable, and to suggest that he might be well advised were he to turn his vigorous and valuable energies towards the accomplishment of some more important and useful discovery than that of the genuineness or artificiality of a player's tears.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.  
(*With Apologies to the Shade of Coleridge.*)

SPRIT who rules our loquacious time!

It is most hard on the belaboured ear  
The ceaseless jargon of the stump to hear  
From recreant party-leaders "on the climb"!  
Long had I listened to them far and near  
With inward nausea and bemused mind,  
When lo! amid their words of woven wind  
I heard the step of the departing Year!  
Rescued from brain-softening madness  
Thus, with pardonable gladness,  
Ere yet the din of tongues had stunned me quite  
I raised the impetuous song and blithely sped his flight.

II.

Thither, to thy prison gloom,  
Tullamore, thy cells of doom  
Where in patriotic anguish  
Untroussered heroes 'neath the blankets languish,  
Or where from the high castle bending  
P—ne directs his nervous gaze  
At deputations upward sending  
Addresses of ridiculous praise—  
Thither, O ye brazen-tongued!  
Thither, O ye leathern-lunged!  
Thither, in confused stampede,  
Ye baffled patrons of disorder, speed!  
Think not again to lay a hand  
Upon that throat too long agasp  
Beneath your unrelenting clasp;  
Make yourselves scarce, I say, tumultuous band!  
While as ye flee and cower,  
For each domestic hearth  
Dawns liberation's hour;  
Yet, if it pleases you, with louder voice  
O'er Law and Order struggling to the birth,  
Reign to rejoice!  
Ye, who o'er every rood of Irish earth  
Let slip the storm and woke the brood of hell,  
And now invoke the venerable Three,  
Justice and Truth (as though they heard your spell!)  
And thy dishonoured name, unhappy Liberty!

III.

I marked Ambition on his usual "lay,"  
I heard the Grand Old Anarch's troubled cry,  
"Ah! wherefore doth Disruption's chariot stay?  
Oil, oil its axles for its onward way!"  
Fly, Grand Old Anarch, fly!  
Smashed in the Dumptian fall from place,  
No more thy Scheme its Janus-face  
Shall thrust before the insulted nation's eye.  
Shades of countless "items" slain,  
Who salvation found in vain!  
Ye that in that dismal hour  
When Union victory flowed full-stream,  
Causing Schn-dh-rst's brow to lower,  
And brave Balthazar to blaspheme!  
Saw your adversaries gain  
In the ballots daily swelling;  
Saw, and hurried each by train  
Home disgusted to his dwelling!  
The Separation Bill is dead  
(Short its life and sharp its doom),  
Caucuses discomfited  
Dance like death-fires round its tomb.  
Then with doleful song relate  
Each some dished Gladstonian's fate!

IV.

Not yet enslaved to schemers vile,  
O Albion! O my mother isle!  
Those valleys fair as Eden's bowers,  
Glittering green with sunny showers,  
Do thou recover from the sway  
Of faction's desolating hand!  
Lead, lead that people in the way  
Who ask of thee but firm Command!  
Quell Agitation's uproar wild!  
Teach Duty to thy froward child!

So for many a happier age  
Shall Peace, long exiled from that shore,  
Resume her ancient heritage,  
Loud-mouthed Sedition vexing her no more.

REVIEWS.

COUNT CAUOUR.\*

THE last, and in great part supplementary volume, of Cavour's letters has now appeared. It will not serve in any material degree to modify the estimate of the great statesman, and of the circumstances in which he was placed, already formed by all impartial critics of recent Italian history. But it adds a good deal of what is new in expression, if not in substance, and it offers to those who have not read the foregoing five volumes a kind of summing up of the most eventful years of Cavour's life, beginning with 1856, the year of the Congress at Paris, and ending within a few days of his death. These letters, like those which have gone before, and like all his speeches and despatches, bear the same stamp—that of a statesman at one with himself, clear, practical, energetic, equal to any emergency, daring and adventurous, while keeping always within the limits of what was attainable, supple and patient even when maintaining against friend and foe the rights and dignity of his country, and determined from the first to use the power which was placed in his hands for the emancipation of his country, in face of whatever difficulties, in all that the circumstances of the hour rendered possible. It has often been made a reproach to Cavour that he did not from the first declare himself openly in favour of Italian unity. If he had, Italian unity would not have come to pass (as it practically did) in his lifetime, and as it completely and formally did within less than ten years after his death. But his youthful dream, as one of his early letters tells, was to be first Minister of a united Italian kingdom. As a practical and responsible statesman, he was only able to obtain step by step what he and the mass of his countrymen alike desired. The more closely the events of the years 1859-60-61 are studied, the more clearly it will appear that, if Cavour's guiding hand had been absent, nothing could have saved Italy from a repetition of the disasters of 1848-9. Or had he, when he first obtained a hearing from European diplomacy at Paris in 1856, or when he bargained with Napoleon III. at Plombières in 1858, put forward the programme which he afterwards lived to carry out, nothing is more certain than that he and the little State which he represented would have been suppressed in the supposed interests of public order in Europe. It was by contenting himself at first with a limited programme, already not unfamiliar to European diplomacy, that he was able to obtain the vantage-ground from which to carry out, as fresh opportunities offered themselves, the more complete policy which gradually became feasible.

There are several points of interest on which this volume throws some additional light. One of these is the relations between Prussia and Sardinia during the period of Cavour's ascendancy. After the first French victories in North Italy in the summer of 1859, Prussia, as is well known, was wavering as to whether to intervene in favour of Austria or not. The Emperor, his military advisers, and the Empress believed that this intervention was more than probable. Yet, even at an earlier period than this, the more acute among the Prussian statesmen perceived that the position of Sardinia in Italy was in many ways analogous to that of Prussia in Germany. "The hopes for the future of the House of Savoy," wrote Bismarck from Frankfort to Baron Manteuffel at Berlin at the end of 1856, "are essentially in agreement with those of Prussia." The fact was equally recognized by Cavour. Writing to Manteuffel, then as before head of the Berlin Cabinet, he addresses him as "l'homme d'état illustre qui depuis tant d'années préside au sort d'une nation qui suit à bien des égards une ligne politique analogue à celle de la Sardaigne." In a letter written to the Sardinian Minister at Frankfort, dated the 9th of December, 1858, Cavour is still more explicit. He expresses his fears that the fall of the Manteuffel Ministry may have evil consequences for Sardinia. He remarks that the language of the new Government is friendly towards his own country, but obscure (*nuageux*) with regard to Austria, and adds:—"Il est probable que votre collègue M. de Bismarck soit plus explicite, mais je crains bien que, lors même que l'on conserve à Frankfort, on ne lui accorde plus la confiance, dont il jouissait sous l'ancien ministère." Bismarck's sympathy for Italy and his antipathy to Austria were so notorious, that the new Prussian Government, unwilling to follow his advice, transferred him from Frankfort to St. Petersburg. This, at all events, is assigned as the chief reason for the change. In the same letter Cavour refers to the possibility that Prussia might take advantage of the opportunity furnished by a struggle between Sardinia and Austria "pour s'arrondir en Allemagne et fonder un véritable empire germanique." Later still, in February 1861, we find General La Marmora writing from Berlin to Cavour, and narrating an interview which he had just had with Baron Schleinitz, in which the latter declares "qu'il y a une analogie frappante entre la situation du Piémont en Italie et celle de la Prusse en Allemagne." Indeed,

\* C. Cavour. *Lettere edite ed inedite raccolte ed illustrate da Luigi Chiula.* Volume Sesto. Roma-Napoli: Le Roux e C. 1887.

before this, Cavour had told the Prussian Minister, when recalled from Turin by his own Government, that in a few years Prussia would follow the example set by himself. The events of the years 1864-71 proved that the prophecy was correct.

Some additional light, if more were needed, is thrown by these letters on Cavour's feelings with regard to the annexation of Savoy. It is certain that, but for the absolute necessity of the situation, Cavour would have ceded neither this province nor Nice to France. The case of Savoy was, however, widely different from that of Nice. Savoy was the hotbed of the most rancorous and bigoted clericalism, and its representatives in the Subalpine Parliament were the determined opponents of the Liberal policy pursued by Cavour. This was markedly shown in the elections of 1857, which proved beyond a doubt that the province was animated by a blind hostility to whatever measures he might propose. The inevitable complication of the Papal Question with that of Italian Unity rendered the presence of a compact body of reactionary deputies in the Italian Parliament at least highly inconvenient. The newspapers in Savoy were written in French. The language of society was French. The patois of the common people was rather French than Italian. The journey from Chambéry to Paris was quicker and easier than that from Chambéry to Turin. Savoy had formed part of France under the First Empire. Its annexation had been favourably considered by the Republican Government of 1848. Even Mazzini, who hurled his wildest invectives against Cavour for ceding the province to France, had been himself in favour of ceding it to Switzerland. The *Italiomissimi* did not venture to claim it as a genuine Italian country. For these reasons to part with Savoy was probably less of sacrifice to Cavour than it was to the King, who was forced to barter away the cradle of his race for leave to have a free hand in the Italian peninsula. It was otherwise in the case of Nice, and to palliate the cession of a purely or at least mainly Italian province, Cavour undoubtedly had recourse to sophistries which will not bear examination. But that he was seriously to blame for them, no candid critic will allow. The actual truth, though known to all the world, could not be publicly avowed. That the French Emperor meant to have the provinces; that public opinion in France, as adverse to the war for the deliverance of Italy as it was favourable to the shameless expedition to Rome in 1849, clamoured for some territorial compensation for the blood shed at Magenta and Solferino; that the alliance or connivance of France was an absolute necessity for the further development of Cavour's plans—all this was an open secret. But it could not be officially declared. It was necessary for Cavour to bend to the force of circumstances and make the best case he could before his country and before Europe for a humiliation which few felt more keenly than himself. Whatever real shame may be connected with the matter falls on the French Emperor and the French people alone.

Some further documents are here published which relate to the Sicilian expedition of Garibaldi and to the policy pursued by Cavour on this occasion. At that time, as will be remembered, Cavour was denounced all over Continental Europe as a ruthless violator of public right and of the comity of nations, and by none was he attacked more violently than by the Parisian press. He had, indeed, the most difficult of all games to play. All the patriotic forces in Italy were let loose; and, if the constitutional monarchy of the House of Savoy could not get control over them, it was certain that they would fall under the guidance of the Republican and revolutionary leaders, of whose statesmanship Italy had had a memorable experience eleven and twelve years before. Moreover, it was a matter of great doubt whether Garibaldi and his friends would not seek to combine with or substitute for the expedition to Sicily an attack on Rome itself. Here lay the chief difficulty of Cavour. While perfectly willing that the Bourbons in Naples, whom he had for years striven in vain to win over to the national cause, should at last be expelled, he was aware that an attack on Rome such as Garibaldi contemplated could only bring ruin on the half-constructed kingdom of Italy. That Garibaldi himself was perfectly loyal has been long placed beyond a doubt; but with his "golden heart and buffalo head" he was always liable to be misled and deluded by the Republican and cosmopolitan *camaille* who too often had access to him. In his calmer judgment he returned always, putting aside his own cherished dreams, to the conviction that Italy could only be unified by the House of Savoy, and at the bidding of Victor Emanuel he laid down his dictatorship and handed over to the monarchy the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. But through the two eventful years of 1859-60 Cavour had constantly to sound the characters of men with whom he must act, and of whom he could not at first be sure; to guard against possible aberrations on the part of honest and patriotic Republicans; to foil the intrigues and plots of those Italians who would rather see Italy in ruins than united and prosperous under a constitutional monarchy; to pacify foreign Powers; to win over, as far as possible, the opinion of enlightened Catholics throughout Europe—these were among the intricate and apparently insoluble problems which were set before Cavour. That with regard to some of these questions he was compelled to play a double part no one acquainted with the facts of the case will deny. But before blaming him with any severity it would be desirable to find any politician, placed in analogous circumstances, who has not made use of deceit, or, at all events, which amounts to the same thing, put others in the position in which they must deceive themselves. Certainly no one at this time was more ready in stratagems, evasions, concealments, and disguises than the man

who affected to look down from a moral pedestal on Cavour's diplomacy—namely, Giuseppe Mazzini. But it is impossible to read the letters and speeches of Cavour and to hear the opinion of those who knew him best, without seeing that anything underneath was foreign to his nature, and was forced upon him by the necessities of a momentous crisis in the history of his country. His character was frank, open, and sincere; and he said, from personal experience, that the best way to deceive a brother diplomatist was just to tell him the truth.

With regard to the Roman question, Cavour was uniformly clear, straightforward, consistent, and sagacious. He was himself a Roman Catholic. He looked with contempt on the narrow and shallow intellects to whom it appeared that the day of the Catholic Church was over. He recognized its historic greatness and its world-wide influence. He was aware that for the mass of his own countrymen and for other races of Christendom it was the only form of religion likely to exercise any spiritual influence. But in the conflict which has long been going on between it and the political and intellectual life of modern Europe he was too essentially a modern nature to be on its side. It was always possible, and towards the close of Cavour's life it became almost a certainty, that Rome must sooner or later become the capital of the new Italian kingdom. His aim, however, was to bring about this momentous change by means of a friendly agreement with the Pope and the Emperor. Negotiations to this effect were, in fact, in progress some time before his death, though they had been temporarily broken off. A second time within the course of twelve years the Pope threw away a priceless opportunity, and from that time forward to the end of his life the reactionary party had complete control over him. Both in the interests of the Papacy as a national and cosmopolitan Power and in those of the new free and constitutional State, an alliance formed on just terms between the two was equally to be desired. Cavour's conditions were very much like those now offered by Italy and still refused by the Pope. Probably had the Vatican shown any genuine desire to accept them, they would have been made still more generous, and a peaceful understanding would have been attained. The turmoil which the so-called "imprisonment" of the Pope long aroused throughout the Catholic world would never have arisen, and the first great step towards a reconciliation of the Church with modern society would have been taken. A new departure in the policy of the Papacy might then have been feasible, and the more wholesome and progressive elements in the Catholic Church might have been spared the defeat and humiliation which they suffered in 1870 at the Vatican Council. The Italian monarchy would also have been relieved from the unwelcome necessity of settling the Roman question by force, and of placing itself into an apparently hostile position towards a Power with which it has always desired to act in a friendly spirit.

Fresh disproof is to be found in this volume of the silly fable that Cavour was the humble servant of the French Emperor, especially as regards the Press Law of 1858, passed after the attempt of Orsini. The changes made in the existing law were in themselves useful and desirable, but the spirit shown by Cavour and the King in resenting the dictation of the Emperor was none the less necessary for the dignity of the Sardinian Government. It was shown, too, in a critical emergency when to estrange Napoleon might have deprived Italy of her best chances. In conclusion, we can only say that the editor of these volumes, Signor Chiala, is to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which he has fulfilled his long and laborious task. We commend the final volume to the attention of all interested in the subject, though it is needless to add that, from its supplementary character, it can be most profitably read by those already familiar with the five which have preceded it.

#### FOUR NOVELS.\*

MR. MARTIN assures his readers, in a preface which is a curiosity of bad writing, that the story of *Hermosa* is true. We cannot conceive why any human being should care whether it is true or false. It is, however, excessively dull, which is more to the point. The reflections in *Hermosa* rival in piquancy and originality those of *Sandford and Merton*. The style is unhappily Mr. Martin's, and not Mr. Day's. The story, such as it is, serves merely as peg on which to hang exhaustive and exhausting descriptions of South American scenery. *Hermosa*, as most people know, is the Spanish for "beautiful," and it is also the name of the place in which the Harrington and Stannett households squat and prole their hours upon the stage erected for them by Mr. Martin. The two families emigrated together, and, of course, like the medieval hermits of the Thebaid, found that others were there before them. The second lion did not think the first a bore, for general fraternization ensued. But the reader will

\* *Hermosa; or, in the Valley of the Andes*. A Tale of Adventure. By J. E. Martin. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

*The Lesters; a Family Record*. By E. M. F. Skene, Author of "Hidden Depths." London: Allen & Co.

*The Fiddler of Lagan*. By the Author of "A Child of the Revolution," "The Atelier du Lys," "Mile. Mori," "That Child." Illustrated by W. Ralston. London: Hatchards.

*Hilversum Mere*. By Lady Augusta Noel, Author of "Wandering Willie," "From Generation to Generation," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

be disposed to give that designation to the whole lot. Of their conversation a single specimen must suffice:—"Poverty," observes Miss Ella Harrington, "poverty, for instance, will be neither a sin nor a degradation here." "Nor is it anywhere really, Ella," said Laurence. "Of course it depends upon the cause of a person's poverty whether there be any degradation. If it is simple improvidence or wrongdoing, there is some stain attached; but if it is voluntary, or through unavoidable misfortune, or through the refusal of a noble nature to stoop to actions dishonourable in themselves, although sanctioned by public opinion, then poverty is honourable enough, and no one need be ashamed of it." "Hear, hear, Mr. Speaker," cried Fred, with his roguish dark eyes twinkling with fun. "Listen attentively, all, to the words of wisdom." The dazzling wit of the last remark is as striking as Fred's profound acquaintance with the political constitution of his country. Laurence's speech is, we are afraid, above the level of real life. At least it could only have been uttered by a man who had just defrauded his creditors. We should be glad to say a good word for *Hermosa*, if only because there is no particular harm in it. It contains many pages which would not disgrace a second-rate guidebook, and a few paragraphs which Marryat might have written and rejected for *Masterman Ready*. Further than that we are afraid we cannot possibly go. Grammar is perhaps hardly to be expected in the Andes, and we are therefore not surprised to find Mrs. Stannett, when asked whether an orchard "has not been planted by the hand of man," replying, "Oh no, I am convinced of that; had they been so, there would have been some order in their arrangement" (Mrs. Stannett was no Paley). Much, however, may be forgiven to those who teach good moral lessons, and the unselfish abstinence of the boys in *Hermosa* is exemplary indeed. "It is the wish of all us lads," says one of these ascetic fellows, "that you girls should accompany us, and we will cheerfully give up the bread to the more delicate of the party, and live entirely on the chase," that is game, "and such roots as Dr. Clifford can point out to us on the road as edible," presumably including mushrooms. "Harry also suggests the possibility of fish in the river," &c. &c. Noble young anchorites! In the fifth chapter of the second volume the exploration of a cave is rather well described.

*The Lesters* is a temperance tract, expanded into two volumes. It rises in no respect above the level of the productions which benevolent ladies thrust into the hands of indifferent fellow-travellers to remind them that, if they do not throw away the fatal flask, and abandon the sinful habit of drinking wine at dinner, they must inevitably be ruined in this world, and damned in the next. Mr. and Mrs. Lester were both drunkards. They had no other observable quality, and drunkenness in itself does not make people interesting. Mr. Lester drank himself into imbecility, and Mrs. Lester perished in the flames, because she was not sufficiently sober to get out of the way. Mr. Martin, another of the lay figures which do duty for characters in this pleasing tale, was wicked enough to sell intoxicating liquors by wholesale. We need not, therefore, add that he lost his wife in a railway accident, because the engine-driver got drunk on a bottle of "Martin's Entire." The book, if the shade of Charles Lamb will pardon us for so misusing the word, is based upon certain broad assumptions, such as that it is wrong to do in moderation what other people do immoderately; that drink is the root of all evil; that temperance means total abstinence from alcohol; and that only orthodox evangelicals can hope to be habitually temperate. All these propositions we take upon ourselves respectfully, but firmly, to deny. Without them, however, there is nothing left of *The Lesters*, except much cant, some bad taste, and a good deal of cheap melodramatic horror. *The Lesters* is almost beneath criticism; but it is right to give a few examples of the author's wares. Mrs. Lester had a virtuous brother, a doctor, who, of course, never touched a drop of anything stronger than aperient medicine, and whose conversation was on this wise:—"I do not wonder at your fears, my child; but trust in God, and He will uphold you. He never lays on any of us more than we can bear; and now I must not lose my train, so good-bye, dear little Mary, and heaven bless you." Those persons who imagine they can innocently take their glass of port or sherry at dinner are really throwing the whole weight of their example and influence into the scale in favour of that intemperance which they often try to remedy in dependents by all manner of vain expedients. This excellent man is much shocked at the idea of a butler "who daily pours out two or three glasses of wine" for his master, "enjoying similar libations in the housekeeper's room." As libations were never swallowed, the strictest teetotaler could not indulge his bigotry more consistently than by pouring them all day. But, though the author of *The Lesters* does not know what everybody else knows, she makes up for this deficiency by knowing what nobody else can know. Thus she informs us that, at a certain point in Mrs. Lester's peculiarly disgusting career, "God left her to herself!" The italics and the note of admiration are both the author's. They are apparently intended to express reverence. It is perhaps useless to mention such a minor blemish as the silly habit of referring to the town of E—, Sir J—, H—, and Professor —. But this leads us, in conclusion, to stigmatize as it deserves the audacious excuse that "this history is perfectly true in all but a few necessary [sic] particulars." What is that to the purpose? Nobody cares whether this wretched trash is "taken from real life" or evolved from the inner consciousness of the author. Newspaper paragraphs are supposed to describe facts. But to recommend a bad novel by saying that "it happened" shows an utter incapacity to understand the very meaning of literature.

*The Fiddler of Lugau* may be recommended as an agreeable sedative to persons whose nerves have suffered from a course of sensational reading. It contains nothing to excite, nothing to disgust, nothing to amuse, and little or nothing to interest. For three hundred and sixty pages the story meanders through a marshy meadow of commonplace, undisturbed by adventure and unrelieved by humour. The scene is, of course, laid in Germany, and the sentiment, what there is of it, is, unless we are deceived by patriotic prejudice, rather German than English. There are, no doubt, bosoms which will swell with emotion over the determination of the young fiddler not to become an old carillonner, and there may also be those who will feel an appreciable pang when Albrecht van der Gheyn discovers that there is a false note in his virgin peal. Felix van der Gheyn's musical instructor, the unfortunate and unappreciated piper of Lugau, will interest all who care for the relations between the Germans and the Wends, but to the frivolous crowd who do not he must seem rather a thin and shadowy creation. His fate, and the cheaply mysterious doom of his enemy, the town organist, are the tragedies of a book where there is no comedy, but a constant supply of uneventful humdrum. The period is that of the Napoleonic campaigns, and the plot partly turns upon the results of the battle of Essling. The French come into the town at the beginning of the book, and at the end of the book they are still there. Christian Göda, the Wendish piper, owed his death to them, and Nake, the organist, was in communication with their spies. But their proceedings partake so much of the general sullenness which broods over this placid narrative that one feels as if even the great Emperor must have been bored with his own manoeuvres. The loves of Felix and Liesel, interrupted by the death of the girl's stepfather, and resumed on the young man's appearance at a Philharmonic Concert in London, will neither stir the pulse nor reddens the cheek of the most susceptible school-girl. If it were a crime to be dull, the author of *The Fiddler of Lugau* would deserve to be hanged. But, as to be honestly and decently dull is comparatively virtuous, she merits some gentle praise for good qualities which are chiefly negative. Of the sprightly conversation which interlards this work one instance must suffice. Liesel refused at first to go to England as a nursery governess, and this was her mother's reply:—"Thou wilt do as thine elders shall see right, maiden. The master must be laid before Herr Moritzen [the pastor]; he will tell us what to think of it. Let me hear no more of 'will' and 'will not.' That is no way to speak." Why people who do not know Latin should always make a point of quoting it is a question which has never been answered. *Finis coronat opem* does not, we may inform the author of *The Fiddler of Lugau*, mean "The end crowns the work." But this is a trifling blemish in a performance of otherwise almost impeccable inanity.

*Hithersea Mere* is a charming story of Norfolk life, told with more grace than power, and more pathos than humour, but not without either humour or power. To say that the plot turns chiefly upon the question whether the biography of an ecclesiastical celebrity, who dies before the opening of the book, shall be written, is true, and yet would, perhaps, give an unfair impression. The characters are finely drawn, and if the gentle widow fades rather early out of the narrative that is no doubt what she would have done in the real march of events. The contrast between John Mowbray, the bigoted and unsympathetic, but extremely honest, high-minded clergyman, with his sceptical, ambitious, rather finicking brother, is striking, and at the same time perfectly natural. Whether Adrian Mowbray will turn out a bold, bad man, and be scornfully rejected by the rather colourless heroine, Rhona Somerville, or be led gently by her into the path of orthodox respectability, is one of the mild speculations which the simple art of Lady Augusta Noel excites in the breasts of her readers. We will not betray her confidence in this respect, nor even answer the question whether Geoffrey Heathcote, the blind captain, marries Hilary Marston, the adventurous tomboy. That the Life of Dr. Somerville has not been published or even composed when the curtain falls is a fact which the judicious skipper will have anticipated for himself. To people who have plenty of time for novels, and who do not like their intellectual food to be more stimulating than Joe Gargery's pint of ale, *Hithersea Mere* can be safely recommended. The frivolous may laugh over the Norfolk tales, and the sentimental may enjoy the luxury of a good cry at the end. Lady Augusta Noel, if she does not rise to the heights of passion, is never crude or silly, but always sensible, genial, and well-bred. Sometimes, "within the limits of becoming mirth," she is really funny, as in the old woman's answer to the parson, who asked if her pig was fit to be killed. "Lawk, sir, I wish I were half as fit to die as he is, bless him." And there is a touch of Sterne's "fat scullion" in Mrs. Marks's Scriptural consolation for the death of her sister. "'Ate and drink, for to-morrow ye'll die.' There's a deal of comfort to be got out of that ere, if you come to look at it in the right way. Ate and drink," repeated Mrs. Marks, with a sigh and a stolen glance at the back kitchen, "Ter fare to come right into my head, as though 'twere put there as I sat a-counting over her stockings, poor old mawther, after she were took, and a plundering over the fire." Lady Augusta Noel's misquotations are the only irritating things in her book. If she cannot quote accurately, she should not quote at all. Charles Kingsley's exquisite ballad of *The Three Fishers*, in which no word can be altered without spoiling the effect, suffers most severely at her hands.

## ROBERTS'S GREEK INSCRIPTIONS.\*

THE wider sweep now given to classical studies in England has made us sensible of many gaps in our library, and nowhere more evidently than in the department of inscriptions. The enormous *Corpus* is, of course, open to us, but there are many good reasons why most of us should not possess it, and the earlier parts of it at least are of little use without preliminary training and direction sometimes more difficult to come by than the unwieldy volumes themselves. Nor is the want completely supplied by selections printed in common type and illustrating one particular topic, such as the useful historical series of Mr. E. L. Hicks. A man who knows Greek likes to read a bit of Greek for himself. Yet many excellent scholars would be puzzled to find on a vase, roughly written but apparently unmistakable, the name of the Greek God IBYM. They might well exclaim with the despairing poet "Ibym—whatever he be, if so it is his pleasure to be called, Ibym he shall be styled by me." Yet the name is none other than the very Zeus of *Aeschylus* himself, written at Corinth. To avoid such mortifications and, speaking seriously, to comprehend a very interesting stage in human development, it is necessary to know something of Greek writing in general. The Cambridge Press and Mr. Roberts have long promised a suitable introduction to the subject, and the first part has now appeared. It comprises the period previous to the general adoption of the familiar uncial alphabet, dated approximately by its adoption at Athens in B.C. 403. We will say at once that Mr. Roberts appears to have done his work very well. The book is clearly and conveniently arranged. The inscriptions are naturally divided according to the places to which they belong. Under each head are given illustrations sufficient to show the characteristics of the writing, one copy in letters of the original form (sometimes a facsimile) being followed by another in the usual cursive. References, which must have cost great labour, are given to the scattered notices bearing on each document. Explanatory remarks either accompany the text or are added in an appendix. To the whole is prefixed a sketch of the history of the alphabet up to the terminal date. At the end the result is resumed in general tables of all the alphabets, classified according to their connexions; and a separate table illustrates the alphabet of Athens. The volume contains about five hundred inscriptions, and forms a moderate octavo of about four hundred pages.

The portion of the subject here presented is in some respects the most interesting of the whole. The progress from the Phoenician alphabet to the full-grown and fully established Greek presents problems in evolution of various complexity. At the very beginning lies one of the strangest little questions in history, a question which, as Mr. Roberts oddly says, "still awaits its sphinx." We can only hope that it will wait a long time; for, if every one who cannot answer it is to be devoured, there is small chance for the human race. The problem propounds itself in some sort to the mere beginner in Greek; many boys find it "queer" that the Greeks "should have written X for CH." It is queer; and the more it is examined the more queer it is seen to be. The facts are commonly known. There were originally no single signs for the sounds *kh*, *ph*, *ps*; nor, according to some local uses, for *ks*; nor, according to a few, even for *th*. There was also no distinction of writing between long and short in the vowels *e o*. Why all this was changed as we know it was, and not further or otherwise, is not to us so clear as Mr. Roberts, probably for good reasons, seems to find it. As to *ps* in particular, we do not see why the double sign, which has been good enough for most people who write, was for the Greeks "a clumsy method," and we hope the sphinx, if she must come, will not let Mr. Roberts off without a better explanation. However the Greeks chose to have single signs for these combinations, and if they had all taken the same signs, or if they had invented all sorts of independent signs, there would have been nothing to say. But the unaccountable thing which actually happened was this; all, or nearly all, hit on the sign *X* and many on *Ψ*, but they gave them different values. Roughly speaking, the Eastern Greeks wrote, after the fashion which in Greek ultimately prevailed, *X* for *kh* and *Ψ* (if at all) for *ps*; while the Western Greeks, that is, let us proudly say, we ourselves, wrote *X* for *ks*, as we do still, and *Ψ* for *kh*; while for *ps* we went on with the "clumsy method," only such very particular people as the Ozolian Locrians insisting on a separate mark for this. Here is a riddle indeed; it is scarcely credible that the *X* and *Ψ* should not have a common origin for all the alphabets; it is still harder to understand how, if they had a common origin, they should have got different values. Any one who wishes to be *Œdipus* may see the fates of his predecessors in Mr. Roberts's book. There he will find also other suggestive stories, such as that of the aspirate. We have perhaps been told that the little "comma" of ordinary Greek is the remains of an *H*, and very likely have not believed it. But the process can be traced from point to point; and, to clinch the argument, the principle of representing *H* by a bit of it was accepted by some Greeks who did not agree with the majority as to the particular bit which should be preserved. Much and variously persecuted was the sign for *s*; it was turned backwards and forwards and upside down, it had a stroke too many here and a stroke too few there. The *l* was not much better off; its second stroke was drawn from

all parts of its first, and to every point of the compass. With these and like topics several hours may be profitably amused.

But if in this early period the mere characters are exceptionally interesting, the substance is, of course, comparatively scanty. The difficulty of extracting sure historical inferences from these archaic inscriptions is very great; and Mr. Roberts, it should be said, does not underrate or disguise it. First, it is but seldom that a writing can be dated with any precision. Take, for example, the famous "Lygdamis" inscription of Halicarnassus, a most favourable case. Here the disagreement of authorities as to the date is reduced to a rarely narrow limit. But all their arguments postulate that the "Lygdamis" of the inscription is the "Lygdamis" who figures as ruler of Halicarnassus in Herodotus. Considering that the inscription itself conveys no information whatever about "Lygdamis," except that he was connected with Halicarnassus and was a person of importance, and considering the practices of Greek nomenclature, this postulate is not the sort of substructure which a historian is accustomed to expect. Next, if one fixed point can be obtained, the work of dating from it by comparison of hands still requires extreme caution, as may be seen in the lively dispute now going on over the recent "finds" at Naucratis. Indeed in this matter the experts do seem a little disposed to strain their evidence. It is generally assumed that writing which runs from right to left, or backwards and forwards in alternate lines, is older than normal writing from left to right. In general this is no doubt correct, but as soon as it is applied to particular cases doubts must arise. There must have been a long period during which to write in the older fashion had much the same effect as that of "black-letter" in modern Europe. How much do we know of the conditions which in this or that town and in this or that decade of the seventh, the sixth, or even the fifth century, would make the use of a "black-letter" desirable? Lastly, from the imperfect condition of the documents, and the lack of external illustration, it is often difficult to obtain much positive information even from the more "important" discoveries. About Lygdamis, for instance, what do we learn? That the Herodotean tyrant, if he it was, in conjunction with other persons of uncertain character, made an arrangement about lands at Halicarnassus, the occasion and purpose of which is not now ascertainable. Such, at least, seems to be the upshot of Mr. Roberts' careful review. With all drawbacks, however, there remain results which amply justify all the labour—the tribute-lists of Athens, the laws of Gortyn, the treaties of Elis, the colonial regulation of Locri, &c., historical evidence of the highest value, and of a kind obtainable from inscriptions only.

Upon one difficulty attending his science Mr. Roberts touches very delicately, perhaps more delicately than science demands—the chance, we mean, or possibility of forgery. We should have welcomed a plain word on "the vexed question," whether the late M. Lenormant was to be trusted or not. From Lenormant's position and productivity the question is of no small importance. Mr. Roberts has probably formed an opinion upon charges repeatedly and plainly stated. If he thinks they were not made out, students of archaeology are entitled to his judgment, and still more if he thinks they were. By the way, has any one ever made a strict inquiry into the finding at Athens in 1877 of almost the only Attic inscription cited by Thucydides (Book vi. 94, Mr. Roberts' No. 56)? It was a most surprising accident.

In curiosities, and in small details pertaining to various branches of study, the volume abounds. Not least curious perhaps are those monuments which take a factitious interest from the circumstances of their preservation. Such is the very ancient scrawl of a fish found in Crete, and now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. The primitive artist, pleased perhaps with the firmness of his outlines, appended his signature in letters bigger than the work. Nemesis has punished his vain glory by knocking off the chief part of them, leaving only the statement that the draughtsman was "—mon." Like another ambitious designer, he did not dream "that fate, in very scorn of fame, would spare his wonder, but forget his name." In the Athenian section the student of manners will note with interest that the description of a person by his profession is "very rare. Three professions, however, must be excepted, those of the Physician, the Actor, and the Washerwoman." The moral might be drawn variously. A noticeable list is that of the public curses of Teos; it does not speak highly for the standard of religious faith in the sixth century. People who expected their prayers to be answered with any precision or certainty would scarcely have asked that the mere act of "disobedience to the magistrate," without further definition, should be punished by the destruction of the offender "himself and his race." The student of literature will make many notes in passing, such as that the occurrence of *Ιερός* *κλιάσμενος δύναμιν* in an Attic inscription (p. 89) almost contemporary with the *Seven against Thebes* defends against suspicion the *Aeschylean* phrase *ἀντὶ δοπὶ κλίνειν*, the more so as the same fragment in its few lines contains the *Aeschylean* *πρόσωπες τυλῶν* (*Septem and Agamemnon*). Was *Aeschylus* actually the writer? Generally literature is of course not to be looked for in marble. Literature is "non incisa notis marmora publicis," as Horace haughtily says. But even in stones it is wonderful to see the superiority of that wonderful people, who in a true sense made and were the Greeks which has educated the world. Outside of the Athenian section little in this volume marks a nation of any extraordinary gifts or interest. The Spartans catalogue without ornament the triumphs of their horses, or dedicate to the gods their unhappy slaves. The rude Arcadians scribble their belated letters

\* *An Introduction to Greek Epigraphy. Part I. The Archaic Inscriptions and the Greek Alphabet.* Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by E. S. Roberts, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Gonville and Caius College. Cambridge: University Press. 1887.

on "lucky bullets." All over the Greek world thought, as written in stones, exhibits itself in no very brilliant or beautiful manner. We turn to the series for Athens, and almost at the outset, a century earlier than *Æschylus*, we find this:

εἰς δοτός τις ἀνήρ εἰνος ἀλλοθεν ἀλθών,  
Τέττιχον οἰκτίρας, ἀνδρὸς ἀγαθόν, πατέρα,  
ἐν πολέμῳ φύλακεν, νεαρὸν ἥψηρον δέσπαρτα.  
ταῦτ' ἀποδιηράμενοι νεῖσθ' ἐπὶ πράγματι ἀγαθόν.

Here is the "Hellenic" touch, the sureness, the simplicity, grace, and feeling, and for result a thing in its kind perfect and not to be surpassed.

In conclusion, one small protest and one small suggestion. Is there any excuse for such phrases as "younger coins," "youngest form of the letter," &c.? Do they express anything which the English *later* does not? And with regard to the index, would it not be more convenient, if drawn up in two parts, Greek and English? It is curious, in a book on the science of the alphabet, to see two alphabets rolled into one. No one seeking a Greek word in φ or ψ turns naturally to the letter P, or expects to find ω in the middle of the index and ζ at the end. The matter is not important, but we have had some little trouble with it. We wish Mr. Roberts a speedy continuation of his most useful work.

#### PUBLIC HEALTH REPORTS.\*

THESE volumes are full of documents important for English history. Take, for example, the point of domestic water supply, which at the time at which they begin was derived from two sources, being partly supplied by Water Companies, partly from public and private wells. The supply from the first was meagre and intermittent, and was stored in receptacles of which we read:—

These butts were dirty, mouldering, and coverless; receiving soot and all other impurities from the air, absorbing stench from the adjacent cess-pool . . . . their contents often augmented through a rain-water pipe by the washings of the roof, and every hour becoming fustier and more offensive.

But, foul as such water undoubtedly was, it was far surpassed in loathsomeness by that obtained from some of the public pumps. Thus it is stated of the Bishopsgate pump-water that

the very large quantity of nitrates in it must be due to the oxidation of human bodies in the adjoining soil, which serves in part as gathering-ground to the spring. I should fear that during rainfall this oxidation of organic compounds may not always have completed itself, and that materials of decomposition still in progress of decay may thus often be mingled in the water. I have lately had occasion to recommend that the use of Aldgate pump should be discontinued, on account of its water containing, in addition to a large quantity of alkaline nitrate, so much unoxidized organic matter as were sufficient to give it a foul taste.

The science of bacteriology has in these later days demonstrated, with a precision which was unattainable at the period of this Report, the appalling danger to which people were exposed who used such contaminated water for any domestic purpose. The removal of used water and other impurities from the household was provided for on pretty much the same slovenly principle; indeed it would appear to have been a matter of indifference to what extent the sewage commingled with the supply.

The Report on the social condition of the poor gives evidence which in places is too horrible for quotation, but which we are by no means sure might not be corroborated at the present day. Most graphic and most humiliating is the picture drawn by the author "of the degree and of the manner in which a people may lapse into the habits of savage life, when their domestic condition is neglected, and when they are suffered to habituate themselves to the uttermost depths of physical obscenity and degradation." We can, however, at least congratulate ourselves that the nation has so far awakened to the enormity of these social diseases that legislation has grappled with them, with more or less success, and that however much remains to be done, much improvement has been already accomplished. Quite in keeping with the state of the living was the disposal of the dead in the metropolis in those days, the account of which in these Reports far exceeds in grim horror anything that the most imaginative fiction writer could invent.

We find, of course, an elaborate report on the cholera epidemic; the poison of which was afforded every means of culture that evil ingenuity could have devised. Most ably, too, does the author point to the confusion, muddle, and imbecile efforts to meet the cholera invasion, as showing the necessity of a Minister of Public Health, whose business should be the "physical interests of the people"; an office which assuredly ought to exist.

Not the least important of these reports are those which deal with small-pox before the discovery of vaccination, and with compulsory public vaccination, reports which we heartily recommend—although entertaining not the most slender hope that the advice will do them any good—to those ardent advocates of free trade in contagion who rebel against the restrictions imposed by law upon their efforts to promote the spread of a noisome pestilence.

The remainder of Vol. I. is devoted to a series of most deeply

\* *Public Health Reports.* By John Simon, C.B., F.R.S. Edited for the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain by Edward Seaton, M.D. 2 vols. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1887.

interesting papers on "the sanitary state of the people of England," which will repay thoughtful perusal; and others "relating to the constitution of the medical profession, and to the operation of the Medical Act, 1858," and to "the practice of pharmacy in Great Britain."

Vol. II. contains numerous extracts from Privy Council and Local Government reports, ranging over a wide area, dealing with such subjects as cholera, scurvy, diphtheria, yellow fever, phthisis, "filth diseases"—specific contagious diseases, experimental research, and cognate matters; the whole forming a collection of the greatest value to the student of sanitary science. Many of these reports are indeed most interesting to the general reader, and by no means the dry desert of uninviting technicalities that some people imagine that they must be.

#### THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE FOR SUPREMACY IN INDIA.\*

A PRIZE ESSAY, like an examination thesis, has, generally speaking, served its purpose when it is written, and the less said about it afterwards the better. There are of course exceptions, and we are not prepared to say that the little book before us may not be one of them. Ignorance of the history of our Indian Empire is but little less prevalent now than when it excited the wrath of Lord Macaulay years ago, and anything that will help to create an interest in the subject deserves well at our hands. We venture to think that this lack of knowledge and of interest is partly due to the absence of any well-written "short history," to serve as an introduction or guide to the ponderous and somewhat unattractive standard works which are oftener referred to than read.

Mr. Rapson sketches briefly the early relations and the diverse aims of the English and French East India Companies, and the events that led up to the outbreak of active hostilities in 1746. The history of the succeeding fifteen years he divides into three periods, marked by two unsuccessful attempts of the authorities at home to make peace between the English and French settlers—the first period extending from the commencement of the war to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748; the second, from the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle to the treaty of Pondicherry in 1754 and the recall of Dupleix; and the third, from the treaty of Pondicherry to the final overthrow of French power in 1761. The story, it may be confessed, is for the most part far from flattering to our national vanity; but it is not amiss that we should be occasionally reminded that our progress to empire in the East has not always been characterised by the highest motives, or by scrupulous regard to good faith and the rights of others.

The author has studied the leading authorities and formed his opinions. He is in the happy condition of the man without doubts or limitations—able not only to tell his readers what actually occurred, but exactly what would have been the result had any particular event fallen out differently—and he has a plentiful supply of superlatives. None the less—indeed, perhaps for this reason—the book is lively and readable, and presents a succinct and tolerably vivid picture of the events of the war and their immediate consequences.

#### MATERIALS FOR THE HISTORY OF OXFORD.†

M. R. MADAN deserves the thanks of all students of history for this unpretending volume. For some unknown reason subject-catalogues are not the fashion in English libraries; nor, more's the pity, with English bibliographers. In consequence, those who have at any time required information about a particular place or period know by sad experience how hard it is to discover the whereabouts of the materials of which they stand in need; and when some lucky accident has put them on the right track, by what slow degrees and with what infinite labour and loss of time the desired end is at last reached. These remarks—true as they are of general history—apply with still greater force to that of either University, and to that of the colleges thereunto belonging. That records of priceless value are stored up in University registers and college muniment-rooms may be safely assumed; but, until recently, had they been at Simancas or in the Vatican, they could not have been more inaccessible. Within the last few years, however, the influence of that spirit of historical research which seems to pervade the University of Oxford has unlocked a good many doors. More than one college has printed—we wish we could say published—a catalogue of its muniments; and Mr. Astney's *Munimenta Academica* are well known to every student of early University history. Cambridge, on the other hand, has done less in this direction than might have been expected from the liberality of the syndics of the press and the great intellectual activity of the University. Not to mention valuable college records which are known to exist, the Proctors' accounts, which

\* *The Struggle between England and France for Supremacy in India. (The "Le Bas" Prize Essay for 1886.)* By Edward J. Rapson, B.A., Classical Foundation Scholar and Hutchinson (Indian Languages) Student of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Tribner & Co.

† *Rough List of Manuscript Materials relating to the History of Oxford, contained in the Printed Catalogues of the Bodleian and College Libraries. Arranged according to subject; with an Index.* By F. Madan, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1887.

begin in 1454, are still lying unpublished in the University Registry; and no collection of ancient statutes and muniments has been even attempted in modern times, though there are ample materials for such an undertaking.

Mr. Madan calls his work a rough list—a modest designation, which gives a very imperfect idea of what the book really contains. It is, in fact, a *catalogue raisonné* of the subject-matter of the history of the city and University of Oxford—so far as it is recorded in printed catalogues—sorted under a few obvious headings, which are again subdivided in the body of the catalogue, and, as the author explains in his preface, may be further subdivided to almost any extent by individual students who choose to take the matter up and to go on with it. To make this description quite clear, let us take for example the heading “Local Divisions.” This is subdivided in the “Analysis of Subject Headings” into:—

University Institutions and Buildings, 411
Collegiate      "      "      444
Halls, 477
Private Halls, 482
Old Institutions, 483

On turning to the body of the Catalogue we find that the first of these headings is further subdivided into:—

General Notes, 412	Picture Gallery, 419
Founders and Benefactors, 413	Radcliffe Building, 420
Endowments, Estates, &c., 414	Schools Quadrangle, 421
University Chest, 415	Libraries, Old, 422
Ashmolean Museum, 416	Botanical Garden, 423
Bodleian Library, 417	

We have no space to quote the whole list, but a sufficient number of entries has been cited to explain the system. Under some of these headings no references are given; but Mr. Madan has wisely printed them, because they form an essential part of a system which is evidently the result of much serious thought, and those who follow him may meet with matter which has not come under his notice, and will fill up the numerous blanks to be met with in his pages. By this very ingenious scheme a general value is given to the work quite apart from its particular application to Oxford. The system employed may, with very slight alteration, be made to fit the sister University, or indeed any large town with copious historical records; and it would, in fact, be very convenient if future index-makers would adopt it as their model.

It is manifestly impossible to estimate the real value of the materials to which Mr. Madan has drawn attention. The Bodleian possesses, as is well known, a considerable series of original charters and rolls, all of which are here indexed; but the greater part of the collections there preserved were formed by antiquaries working for a special purpose, and contain only copies of, or extracts from, documents kept in other places. The information thus gathered together is, therefore, of a very miscellaneous character. For instance, we notice a good deal that seems very interesting and valuable about the suppressed religious houses, as the Benedictine Nunnery at Godstow and the Augustinian House at Osney. Of the latter a cartulary is mentioned, a catalogue of the Library, and a sketch of the ruins as they appeared in 1574. About the separate colleges the information is of an extremely varied character, and will probably turn out to be of very unequal value. In almost every instance we find “excerpts from the archives”—the importance of which must of course depend on the purpose for which they were originally made—excerpts from the statutes, lives of founders, wills of benefactors, orders of visitors, catalogues of libraries, and historical notices respecting buildings and their progress. Of this nature is a “Journal book of the expenses of building” Christ Church—the existence of which we had not before suspected; and an “account of money laid out on building, 1616-17,” at St. John’s. A “Register” of New College is also mentioned, which might well be a volume of surpassing interest. Moreover, even if a student should be disappointed in finding what he specially wants for his immediate purpose, he will at least learn where the original documents are of which he is in search. And here we feel inclined to find some slight fault with Mr. Madan. With very little additional trouble to himself he might have given us, in his preface, a brief account of the nature of the thirty-nine collections whose catalogues he has indexed—by whom they were made, and with what object. As it is, he enumerates them by surnames only, as James, Jones, Junius, Langhaine—a system which is no doubt perfectly intelligible to himself, and to others as well-informed as he is, but which tells the outside layman nothing.

In conclusion, we can only hope that Mr. Madan will not be content with having indexed the MS. materials for the history of Oxford, but will go on with those in print. The Bodleian is credited with possessing an unrivalled series of drawings, views, broadsides, fly-sheets, pamphlets—all of the greatest interest to the historian of Oxford. But, accessible as that library is, and courteous as the librarians are to all who seek for information from them, the value of the materials under their charge would be increased tenfold if a catalogue were printed of them, so that students at a distance from Oxford might form some idea of what they would find when they went up to work there.

#### MENOGY OF ENGLAND AND WALES.\*

AS this book, which contains short notices of the English and Welsh saints of the Roman Catholic Church, and of other persons declared to be specially worthy of veneration, has been written solely for the purpose of promoting devotion, we shall not criticize it as though it purported to be an ordinary biographical work. Taken for exactly what it professes to be, it has many merits. It is put together with considerable skill and judgment; the memorials contain a good deal of solid information, and though necessarily short, are readable and not overcrowded with details. Each day in the year has its portion of hagiography; for those which have no English or Welsh saints of their own, no one either fully canonized, or on the road to canonization, or held to be more or less deserving of the honour, are provided with memorials of those “who have received a public *cultus*,” but have not, as far as is known, ever had days appointed to be observed in their honour; so that the saints without days fill up the days without English or Welsh saints. To every memorial is appended a list of authorities, arranged under the headings of Calendars, Martyrologies, Legenda, and Acts and Histories. As regards historical authorities the volume is, perhaps naturally, rather weak. The author, the Rev. Richard Stanton, tells us that he has, as a rule, preferred the most ancient authorities, yet he does not quote a single historical authority for his notice of Alcuin, though there is much in the contents of the *Monumenta Alcuiniana* that affords good reason for holding the great scholar’s name in honour, and under St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, he only refers his readers to the Life in *Surius*, an abridgment of the *Vita Magna*, of which he makes no mention. Of course, there is a certain amount of matter in the volume for which no kind of historical evidence can be given, but as rule mere legends are very briefly noticed. This *Menology* was compiled in obedience to instructions given by Cardinal Archbishop Manning and the English Roman Catholic bishops when they applied to Rome for an enlargement of the Calendar, and accordingly considerable space is allotted to the fifty-four newly-beatified “Martyrs,” and the two hundred and sixty-one “whose cause has been admitted.” Mr. Stanton does not tell his readers that a large number of these “Martyrs” suffered death, not for holding or teaching any doctrine of their Church, but because they chose to be soldiers of a foreign prelate rather than loyal subjects of their sovereign, and to engage in a dangerous and widespread conspiracy against the State. To the profane reader there is something inexpressibly grotesque in finding a memorial of “B. Cardinal Allen”—a traitor to his Queen and country, and the trainer of a band of men who risked, and in many cases forfeited, their lives in upholding the claim of the Pope to depose an English monarch—in the same volume as a memorial of Lanfranc, Archbishop and Confessor, the Minister and cordial fellow-worker of the King, who declared and maintained that it was one of the prerogatives of the English monarch to decide whether this or that Pope should be received by his subjects as Apostolic. And it seems no less ludicrous that the Jesuit conspirators and seminary priests of Elizabeth’s reign, who would have handed their country over to Philip II. of Spain, should be held in honour by Englishmen, who have been taught to venerate the memory of St. Hugh of Lincoln, the fearless assertor of constitutional liberty, and of Robert Grosseteste, the “confuter of the Pope” in the cause of God and of the Church of England. Mr. Stanton asserts, as though it was a matter of some importance, that the famous letter in which Grosseteste refused to admit a nephew of Innocent IV. to a canonry at Lincoln was not addressed to the Pope personally. Even assuming it was not, which we are by no means prepared to do, as the copy of the letter in Matthew Paris and the Burton Annals with the superscription “Innocentio Domino Papa” is older than any other now existing, we cannot see that it makes any difference whether it was sent to the Pope’s officer to be communicated to his master or to the Pope himself directly. The importance of the letter lies in the Bishop’s flat refusal to obey a command of the Pope on the ground that it was not Apostolic, but verging on a sin, “Domino Jesu Christo abominabilissimum et humano generi perniciosissimum.” Nor is it correct to speak of the exile of St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, as caused by the King’s “extortion and oppression of the Church”; for, shamefully as Henry III. behaved in allowing himself to be made the tool of Rome, the Archbishop’s retirement was caused by the extortion and oppression of Gregory IX. He left England in despair on receiving the Pope’s preposterous demand that he should provide for three hundred Romans out of the benefices that next fell vacant.

#### BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.†

IN this season, which is so pleasant for such as receive presents, and so trying for such as have to give them, we feel we are doing a kindness to all men by recommending this pretty little version of *Beauty and the Beast*. That it is the work of

\* *A Menology of England and Wales, or Brief Memorials of the Ancient English and British Saints.* Compiled by order of the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster. By Richard Stanton, Priest of the Oratory, London. London: Burns & Oates (Lim.) New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

† *Beauty and the Beast.* By Charles Lamb. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. London: Field & Tuer.

Charles Lamb, as the title-page asserts, we are not prepared to argue with any confidence. If the style of title-pages permitted, it had been wiser to put "perhaps by Charles Lamb." For the rest nobody is likely to be misled, since Mr. Lang has stated the evidence, or rather the next to no evidence, for the attribution in his preface. Whoever it was written by, this metrical version is very nice and fit for healthy-minded children. Then the book is capitally got up—well printed on good paper, in a fashion very creditable to the Leadenhall Press, and adorned with most commendable old plates, showing ladies with the straightest possible noses and the shortest of waists. In one there is a Prince with a nodding plume and a pair of boots no woman could resist. "Who could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?" By way of comment and "Beiträge zur Erklärung," Mr. Lang has written an essay full of that pleasant kind of erudition which takes the form of stories all about beauties and beasts. The grown-ups who read it will probably, and the children will certainly, care little enough about the development of myths, but they will like the tales. If they do not, then they do not deserve ever to receive a present again—particularly not such a pretty, distinguished, old-fashioned present as this.

## NOVELS (2 LA CRANFORD).\*

ONE way of writing a novel is to describe a place, its principal inhabitants, its parties and festivities, its births, deaths, marriages, flirtations, quarrels, reconciliations, and trivial events generally. *Cranford*, perhaps, deserves to give a name to the method of which it is one of the most successful examples. It is a method which has advantages and disadvantages. The advantages are obvious. In the first place, you are not obliged to invent or otherwise provide a plot. You just write on about how somebody came to live there, and who called on them, and who neglected to call, and why. If it occurs to you to invent a startling incident you can. If complications suggest themselves, you can let them follow. If not, it does not matter. If you find things flagging, you can have a dance, a garden-party, or a funeral at a moment's notice. Therefore the plan promises well for the author's convenience. The chief disadvantage, which is less apparent to the superficial observer, and especially little apparent to the author, is that this kind of book resembles, to some extent, the little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. In order to be good it has to be very good—that is to say, it has to be a work of rather remarkable ability. When it is bad it is horrid; and it is generally bad. Three works of fiction, following *Cranford* at a respectfully immeasurable distance, are now presented to the British public. They shall be taken in order of merit.

*Illusions* ought to have been called "Lakenham." That is the name of the village where, among other events, a young woman whom Mrs. Musgrave fitfully designates as her heroine, though she has no more claim to that title than any other lady in the book, nourished some not uncommon illusions. Her name was Medea, because her father, who was incumbent of Lakenham and a particularly disagreeable person, was, at the moment of her birth, preparing a translation of the play so named by Euripides. Medea had two sisters and a brother, and then the clergyman died, and his widow, who was a silly and rather spiteful woman, married the parish doctor. Medea thought it would be a splendid occupation in life to be extremely learned; so she despised her domestic duties, and went abroad as companion to a German lady. There she met a clever, handsome, heartless literary baronet—and a conceited ass into the bargain—called Sir Bruce Onslow, and thought he truly loved her, which would have been a compliment, because "When Sir Bruce approached a woman, other men were apt to experience a sensation of nothingness." The two opinions were illusions. Then she went home, and thought she would be able to live happily with her mother, and that was an illusion too. At Lakenham, or in the neighbouring parts of the county of Suffolk (called Flatshire by the author), dwelt, besides Medea and her family, a haughty old lady, who was the local leader of society and had plenty of money and two boorish sons; a poverty-stricken earl, who had married the old lady's daughter, and whose wife and mother-in-law were rivals and enemies; a reasonably vulgar biscuit-manufacturer, with a pretty and scheming daughter; a few seedy gentry, and a few neither interesting nor particularly deserving poor. The three volumes consist of accounts of these people's different social meetings, billings, bickerings, and devisings. They hunt, and meet each other at tea. Sir Bruce gets a wife, and Miss McCracken, the biscuit young lady, gets a husband. Medea's brother is jilted by one lady and weds another. Medea herself is jilted by Sir Bruce and does not wed another. The poor Countess scores off her wealthy mother. The doctor's wife and one of his daughters die. It is all harmless reading enough, and the book is judiciously short. It will not in the least bore a tolerant novel-reader, and people who want to be thrilled can let it alone.

\* *Illusions*. By H. Musgrave, Author of "Astraea," "Riverside Sketches," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1887.

*Harmonia: a Chronicle*. By the Author of "Estelle Russell," "Junia," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

*Frau Wilhelmine: Sketches of Berlin Life; being the Conclusion of "The Buckholz Family."* By Dr. Julius Stinde. Translated by Harriet F. Powell. London: George Bell & Sons. 1887.

*Harmonia* does not pretend to be a story. It is called a chronicle, and so it is. It is rightly named after the place where it all happened. This is a newly-settled town in a southern United State, possibly Texas or New Mexico. Its peculiarity was that the inhabitants were in a large proportion either English or Scotch. The principal ones are taken in chapters more or less to themselves, the others coming in incidentally, turn and turn about. First it is the young English half-pay lieutenant and his wife who are the central feature. Then the American Episcopalian minister and his wife demand attention. Then the venerable colonel, whose daughter has left her husband, has his family affairs expounded. Then we assist in the daily life of the teetotaller farmer from Devonshire, the love of whose pretty daughter is reforming the moral and mental character of the impudent younger son of an English peer. And so we go round and round the infant settlement until at an afternoon party or a sewing-bee we are quite well acquainted with everybody present, and are hardly more amused by their conversation, their weaknesses, or their peculiarities than we should be in real life. The sort of event that happens is a strike of negro labourers, a tremendous quarrel because the parson has made an unjust charge of drunkenness, a drought, the advent of a new settler, legal difficulties about a prior claimant to somebody's lot, a lecture or a sermon recorded by copious extracts. The impressions produced by the whole are, in the first place, that the account of *Harmonia* is probably a very fair estimate based on considerable experience, and, in the second place, that anybody who likes to go out to a new country and be a farmer will find it, after a little, very much like any other country where he can get enough to live on by working hard and living with reasonable economy. There appear to be plenty of hams in *Harmonia* and other things more or less good to eat, and the tone of society is probably neither better nor worse than that of any very small, remote, and sleepy agricultural community in England any time during the present century. There is honesty, dishonesty, generosity, good-nature, idleness, malice, gossip, industry, and so forth, just as much as in any other small and dull community. There is one tragical event in the book, which is rather well done; but it is only a speck in the sea of commonplace record. *Harmonia* would be much pleasanter reading if it were two-thirds of the length.

He who would form a just and comprehensive estimate of that remarkable people, the Germans, must remember that they have produced not only Prince Bismarck and other great personages, but also Dr. Julius Stinde; and that Dr. Julius Stinde has produced *Frau Wilhelmine* Buchholz, her relations, friends, and acquaintances, and the light they throw upon the lives and dispositions of the lower-middle classes in Berlin. It is believed that in Germany these volumes have achieved popularity not unlike that which the *Proverbial Philosophy* of a venerable poet once enjoyed here. They have been freely translated into English, and they have caused many English people to ask with incredulous dismay whether it can really be possible that any human beings can actually be amused by stuff like that. Such inquirers are hasty. They forget that *Proverbial Philosophy* trod close on the heels of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in the order of popularity extracted from the ledgers of booksellers, and that at this moment there are not many books more eagerly purchased or more faithfully perused than the *Epic of Hades* and the *Songs of Two Worlds*. It is a sad thing to have to acknowledge, but the fact is, that to be enormously popular, a book must either be a work of genius comparable for universal attractiveness to the best parts of *Pickwick*, or, let us say, not a work of genius in any conceivable sense whatever. *Frau Wilhelmine* is the worst of the Buchholz books. It is trivial, sordid, vulgar, coarse, and long. It possesses the first two of these qualities in a superlative degree. It contains a considerable number of most execrable jokes. Its brilliant passages are where a man drops his hat into a bears'-pit and the bears claw it, or where a girl lets the bread-sauce fall into a dish of greengages. To read it through is a grievous penance, tending to the production of indiscriminate misanthropy. It does not even contain a ludicrous passage to relieve its drivelling dulness. Its title-page declares it to be "the conclusion of the Buchholz family," and we earnestly trust it is.

## CONVERSATION MADE EASY.\*

CRITICISM is to a great extent anticipated, and by anticipation disarmed, in the prefatory remarks with which Professor Mahaffy introduces to us this acute and genial little treatise on the art of conversation. In many places, and in various forms of words, he makes ample enough admission of the impossibility of teaching men and women to converse intelligently and agreeably by means of a system of rules; while, on the other hand, there is, abstractedly, no denying his position that the natural gifts and aptitudes which conversational excellence presupposes may be applied to better purpose by any one who has thought out for himself, or to whom others have rendered the service of thinking out for him, the principles which determine their most effective application. At the same time it is impossible not to feel that the effect of all this array of rules and recommendations, some of them such as the light of nature itself has revealed to us, others in the

\* *The Principles of the Art of Conversation*. By J. P. Mahaffy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

nature of counsels of a perfection to which few of us will ever attain, even in the maturity of our art, is a little alarming. "Enough," one feels inclined to say, adapting the words of Rasselas; "thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be an accomplished talker."

Professor Mahaffy starts with the eminently sensible proposition—stated "in order to allay any vain or excessive expectations"—that no teaching of the art of conversation "by specimens" is possible. Obviously he does not favour the idea of Mr. Burnand's hero, that it would be desirable to compose a handbook of repartees with the names of the persons to whom they are to be addressed, arranged in alphabetical order, so that it would only be necessary for him, like a College Don of Professor Mahaffy's acquaintance, to peep at the manual under the table when the necessity for ready wit arose. Even the gentleman in "Happy Thoughts," however, did not get further, if we remember rightly, than the word "Armourer," and would consequently have been helpless if addressed either by an arquebusier or an arrow-maker, an artist or an astrologer, an attorney or an assassin. Later on, however, the writer lets fall a remark which almost seems to demand illustration by examples. He is speaking of people who are "really ready to talk but don't know how." "Here," he says, "the beginning is evidently the difficulty, and surely here, if anywhere, people who have no natural facility should think out some way of opening the conversation, just as chess-players have agreed on several formal openings in their game. Nothing," he adds, "is easier than to do this, and to do it in such a general manner as will not be ridiculous." No doubt it would be easy enough for Professor Mahaffy, and it is rather hard therefore that he has not, out of pity for those unfortunates "who have no natural facility," supplied a few specimens of conversational gambits. The only objection we see to it is one which is familiar enough to the student of chess. If a series of openings were arranged by competent authority, it ought to be an understood thing that "when a young man is introduced to a partner at a ball or a man of sober age is directed to take a lady down to dinner," both couples should play according to the rules. Otherwise inconvenient results will follow for the young man or the man of sober years akin to those which perplex the chess student when his adversary refuses to reply to him with the orthodox "book move." That student's game from that moment becomes a sort of amalgam composed in part of moves recollected from his manual, and in part of moves forced upon him by the perverse play of his opponent; and it is to be feared that the talk of the Y. M. or the M. of S. Y. would rapidly degenerate into the same chaotic condition. In one passage, however, the author of the *Art of Conversation* does go near to giving us, or those among us who are princes, the benefit of a sort of common form. He has been observing how important it is for a prince who is "receiving" to possess a knowledge, inspired or acquired, of the name and circumstances of an inferior, so as to be able to put to him one of those personal questions which will be taken as a compliment and evidence of a friendly interest on the part of the prince. "But," he continues, "the breaking off with ease and grace is more difficult, for I do not count the formal bow of dismissal, or the prearranged interruption by a newcomer, as more than awkward subterfuges. Some form of expressing regret that the moment does not admit of fuller discussion of the subject already commenced, and a hope to resume it, is, of course, an obvious and polite way of closing the interview." Princes must, however, bear in mind that this form will not be available in cases where the subject of the conversation has been about the weather.

Among the more questionable of Professor Mahaffy's recommendations we are inclined to place the following recipe for conducting a "colloquy with a single person":—

You should turn the conversation upon the other person's life, inquire into his or her history so far as that can be done with good taste and without impertinence, and so induce him (or her) to give personal recollections or confessions which are to the teller of them generally of the deepest interest. But you will not elicit these without some frankness on your own part, sometimes without volunteering some slight confession which may induce the other to open the floodgates of his inner life. When this is once attained, there must ensue good conversation; for to have a volume of human character laid open before you, and to turn over its pages at leisure, is one of the highest and most intense recreations known to an intelligent mind.

Possibly it may be; but there are, nevertheless, rough and unsympathetic creatures who would describe the process by which this "recreation" is procured as "pumping," and would resent it accordingly. A safer rule to follow is that deducible from the observation that "in the company of a woman who is a man's third wife most people will instinctively avoid jokes about Blue Beard or anecdotes of comparison between a man's several wives, of which," we regret to hear, "so many are current in Ireland." The same caution, we may here remark, is to be observed in talking of *halters devant le fils d'un pendu*. Here, again, is another observation which may not meet, perhaps, with universal assent. It is that, when "we meet a man of acknowledged mental superiority, whether generally or in his special department, it is our social duty, by intelligent questioning, by an anxiety to learn from him, to force him to condescend to our ignorance or join in our fun, till his broader sympathies are awakened and he plays with us as if we were his children." We would not go so far as to say that this treatment of a man of acknowledged mental superiority can never be prudent; but it is, at any rate, certain that to apply it with other than disagreeable results you must select your man of acknowledged mental superiority with the

greatest care. Otherwise he will be apt, not only to play with you as if you were his children, but to subject you to other and less pleasant processes to which children indeed are expected to submit, but which adults, even though of acknowledged mental inferiority, may not unreasonably resent. For instance, it would be obviously indiscreet to adopt this method with a certain "great English writer of our own day," whom Professor Mahaffy says that he need not name, and whose great mind is said to be wanting, though we find it difficult to believe in the existence of such a person, "in modesty and truthfulness." One more quotation from our author, and we have done. He says, and we毫不犹豫地 agree with him, that "to stop an old person who is becoming tedious is probably the most difficult of all social duties, and requires the most delicate tact." The only method which occurs to us at this moment is that of the venerable Mr. Smallweed, in *Bleak House*, but we are willing to admit that it was somewhat wanting in finesse.

In taking leave of Professor Mahaffy's volume, we cannot but remark that, full of shrewd observation as it is, it leaves one side of the question almost untouched—indeed, only glanced at in the passage which we have last quoted. Most of his rules and recommendations are aimed at promoting conversation, and directing it into the right channel. It makes no provision for checking or suppressing it, or for forcibly securing its more equitable distribution; and we feel bound to say that, speaking from our own experience, a code of directions for the attainment of these objects appears to us to be even more needed than any amount of recipes for encouraging the usually very ready flow of talk. Perhaps in a second edition Professor Mahaffy will add a chapter on the extremely difficult "Art of Getting in a Word Edgways."

#### HISTORY OF COMMERCE.\*

DR. YEATS'S four volumes are a practical contribution to that scheme of technical, industrial, and trade education which he has so long and so ably advocated. For a long time the British public received with little favour proposals for technical education. This country had achieved a pre-eminence in trade which most of us fondly hoped could not be shaken. Our merchant navy is equal in efficiency to the merchant navies of all the rest of the world. Our trade is world-wide; our manufactures exceed in extent anything that has ever yet been seen; our accumulation of wealth is unequalled; the skill of our workpeople is greater than any other country can boast; and it was thought, therefore, that we could afford to disregard our foreign competitors. But of late opinion has been changing rapidly in regard to this question. Ever since 1875 trade has been depressed, while our agriculture has been in an exceedingly bad state, and foreign competition has been pushing us more and more keenly in every part of the world. Two competitors are more particularly feared; the United States and Germany. The vast extent of the United States; the great reserve of unoccupied land yet to be drawn upon; the rapidity with which wealth and population grow, and the energy and skill of the people—themselves mainly of the same race as inhabits the British islands—fully account for the rapid development of the resources of the country and for the high position it has already taken as a commercial nation. The growth of Germany has been even more remarkable than that of the United States, when we consider the nature of the German climate and of the German soil and the general backwardness of the economic condition of the country at the beginning of the century. On the Continent of Europe certainly no country has made such progress as Germany, her political ascendancy being itself a result of the extraordinary growth of wealth and population. And the advance of Germany economically is traceable principally to the better instruction of the people. Germans, recognizing that their country did not possess the natural advantages of the United Kingdom, endeavoured to supply the place of those natural advantages by cultivating the intelligence of the people, and the result has been truly remarkable. German workpeople are crowding our cities; German clerks are competing successfully at home with English clerks, and German men of business are pushing their trade against our own old-established houses in the East and in the West. The example of Germany, and the near approach of the time when Americans may be expected to compete keenly with us in the foreign markets of the world, have at length convinced most persons who take an interest in the subject that we can no longer depend upon our natural advantages for maintaining our commercial supremacy, and that it is absolutely necessary, therefore, to give to our people sound technical, industrial, and commercial instruction. Dr. Yeats, who, as we have said, has long been an advocate of this policy, has written the four works whose titles are given below as text-books for commercial students. They all treat of the same subject from different points of view, but yet they are not sequels one to the other, being so far independent that each may be read separately from the rest.

\* *Growth and Vicissitudes of Commerce in All Ages.* By John Yeats, LL.D. Third edition. London: Philip & Son. 1887.

*Recent and Existing Commerce.* By John Yeats, LL.D. Third edition. London: Philip & Son. 1887.

*Natural History of the Raw Materials of Commerce.* By John Yeats, LL.D. Third edition. London: Philip & Son. 1887.

*Technical History of Commerce.* By John Yeats, LL.D. London: Philip & Son. 1887.

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The ancient history of commerce is necessarily incomplete. The decipherment of Egyptian, Babylonian, and Assyrian inscriptions is gradually enlarging our knowledge of the subject; but the actual beginnings of international trade must, we apprehend, always be more or less conjectural. Dr. Yeats, in treating of the distant past, has perhaps not indulged in imagination more than his predecessors; but we venture to think that the earlier history might, without any loss to the student, have been greatly condensed. In treating of the history of commerce in mediæval and modern times he is upon surer ground; and, upon the whole, his treatment is satisfactory. But his method is wanting in that systematic grouping of facts which would make the narrative both interesting and instructive. What ought to be aimed at in a work of this kind is not a detailed history of the several nations passed in review, but such presentation of events as will make clear to the reader the causes that increased the material well-being of the world and promoted the dealings of nations one with another. The subject, in short, ought to be treated as one great whole. It is obvious that progress can result only from the accumulation of knowledge and from invention and discovery. Dr. Yeats does not keep this sufficiently before the mind of the student, and is likely, therefore, to bewilder him, supplying no clue to the solution of the question constantly arising, Why at times has prosperity declined and at other times advanced, and why, in particular, certain nations have risen to greatness and others have declined? To take illustrations from modern times, Why has the well-being of Europe almost continuously increased since a century after the fall of the Western Empire? and why in particular have Venice, Holland, and England each in their day risen to commercial and maritime pre-eminence? The general progress of Europe is clearly due to the accumulation of knowledge, the gradual formation of important nations establishing peace each within its own borders, and the progress of invention and discovery; while the pre-eminence attained by certain nations is equally traceable to particular causes. In our own case, for instance, the strong government established by the Norman Conquest imposed upon all classes obedience to the law. Generation after generation thus grew up in habits of orderly industry; and a thrifty, well-fed, and industrious population existed to take advantage of the rapid discovery and invention that have marked the last three centuries. Our rich coal and iron fields lying close to one another, and both in near proximity to the sea, enabled this orderly and industrious population to spring to the front, and to obtain a commercial lead which has been growing ever since. Dr. Yeats hardly succeeds in making this sufficiently clear to the commercial student.

Perhaps the best of the four volumes, and certainly that most deserving of the attention of commercial students, is the one treating of the natural history of the raw materials of commerce. The raw materials of commerce are all drawn from the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral world, and nothing is more essential to the man of business than to learn to appreciate what materials are useful and what are not, as well as to learn where he may look for useful minerals and the like, and what localities he should avoid. It is curious how many of the staple articles of trade at present are of quite recent introduction. Tea, coffee, spirits, tobacco, and cotton are all quite modern, as well as many other commodities that might be enumerated; and every generation some new article is discovered and made the basis of an important industry. Less than fifty years ago an English surgeon, while walking in the neighbourhood of Singapore, noticed that the handle of a wood-cutter's axe was of peculiar material. He examined it, learned where it was procurable, and shortly afterwards sent over a specimen to England; it was gutta-percha, without which we could not have laid our submarine electric cables. Somewhat later a chemist in Calcutta received from the interior of India vessels covered with a fibrous substance which attracted his attention. It turned out to be jute, which immediately was introduced in Bengal, is now largely grown in that province, and is the staple of an important industry in Dundee and other Scotch towns. In these instances, we have examples of how the appreciative eye detects the materials that add to the wealth of the world. It would be easy to enumerate other instances in which wealth has been squandered in searching for coal and other minerals in geological strata in which all geologists would agree the minerals could not be found. In the whole range of commercial instruction nothing is more important than a study of the history of raw materials, therefore, since it is in the discovery of new raw materials alone that we can look for the introduction of new trades and industries.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

##### VIII.

THE two stories by M. Jules Verne issued by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. this season are strikingly dissimilar in aim, though told with the quick spirit of invention common to most of the author's amusing fictions. *The Clipper of the Clouds* probably enjoyed the favour of many youthful readers of the popular serial in which it appeared before its publication in book form. It is as spirited and ingenious as any of the previous attempts of M. Verne in the mock-heroic adaptation of scientific discoveries to the exuberant suggestions of a sportive fancy. *North and South* is a very stirring story of the Secession war in Florida, and treats of history, sparingly indeed, though in

the spirit of which Frenchmen alone seem to possess the secret. Once embarked, however, on the full tide of adventure, we are completely enthralled, and think no more of questioning the wonderful tissue of moving incidents than of doubting the solid fact that North and South fought to the bitter end. M. Jules Verne's persuasive art is the source of his success, for there is nothing that the young delight in more than a facile migration into the heavens of fancy and invention. There is little of this delightful art in the two volumes of Mr. Edwin De Leon's *Under the Stars and Under the Crescent* (Sampson Low & Co.), though this story of the fortunes of a South Carolina family at home and in Turkey is styled "A Romance of East and West." The story is fairly interesting and is well written, but the romantic flavour is almost absent. *Memoirs of an Arabian Princess* (Ward & Downey) possesses a different interest from what its title must suggest to the majority of English people. It is not an Oriental romance, but a volume of reminiscences written by a Princess of the ruling family of Zanzibar, and sister of Sejid Bargash, whose sketches of life in her old home and of her numerous relatives are decidedly piquant and interesting. She gives a fair-seeming account of the family feuds, jealousies, intrigues, of her own active share in them, and her subsequent alliance by marriage with German interests in Zanzibar. *Daily Work and Life in India*, by W. J. Wilkins (Fisher Unwin), is a popular illustrated account of a missionary's experience of life in India by a writer whose previous works on the various aspects of religion and life in India are among the most trustworthy of their class. *Indian Fables*, collected and edited by P. V. Ramaswami Raju (Swan Sonnenschein) is a reprint from the *Leisure Hour*, illustrated by F. C. Gould. As with most collections of proverbial lore, the fox is prominent among the animals that figure in these fables, though he is not invariably the personification of craft and dissimulation.

Among the few books designed for indoor amusement, and not for mere reading, the first place is due to the second series of Lady Adelaide Cadogan's *Illustrated Games of Patience* (Sampson Low & Co.). The present volume consists largely of German games, which, for the most part, are far more ingenious and entertaining than the varieties of Patience more generally known to English card-players. Thirty-five games are figured and described, and the mysteries of "foundations," "suitable cards," and so forth, are explained at the outset. For novices and for those who know only the ordinary games this book offers a fund of amusement for winter evenings. *Parlour Pastimes* (Paterson) is a capital collection of charades, puzzles, fireside games, tricks and experiments in "parlour magic," receipts for producing by small means veritable curiosities of science; altogether an excellent book for young people when the weather is wet and the evenings are long. A useful feature of the book is the excellent selection of those fireside games that require a circle of players, for whom, let us add, the editor supplies quite a formidable list of suggestions for "forfeits." Among picture-books for children we have to note *Bubbles*, by A. M. Lockyer (Marcus Ward & Co.), a collection of rhymes and diverting drawings of frogs, mice, and such small deer; and Mr. Walter Crane's *Legends for Lionel* (Cassell & Co.), in which the artist has scarcely given his best. The Christmas number of *Wide Awake* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) opens the new volume of an admirable magazine for children, and makes a most promising start. Mrs. Molesworth's *Little Miss Peggy* (Macmillan & Co.) is a delightful story, prettily illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, about a little girl whose nursery companions are five brothers, and who is unusually gifted in the power of expressing her thickcoming fancies, if not in the original endowment of fancy. Mrs. Molesworth's children are, however, nearly always natural in speech as well as in ways, and these are especially pleasing in this respect. *Jack the Fisherman*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Chatto & Windus) is not a story for the cheerful season. Jack, the Fair-harbor boy, is a good fellow as a boy, until what the author calls "the curse of his heredity" comes upon him, and he got drunk, beat and killed his wife, and came to a sad end.

*In Southern Seas* (Edinburgh: Grant & Son) is a volume descriptive of a tour in Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon, the whole route of the Orient line in fact, brightly written and yet more vivaciously illustrated. The reproductions of pen-and-ink drawings, that are decidedly clever and often full of character, are indeed the real attraction of the book. We do not learn much of author or artist from the title-page. The one is "Petrel" and the other is "Twain." There is no need to respond further to the suggestiveness of the latter assumption. *Historic Girls*, by E. S. Brooks (Putnam's Sons) is in all respects an excellent companion volume to the author's *Historic Boys*, and one of the best and most attractive books for girls of the season.

We have received the Christmas Number of the *Monthly Packet* (Smith & Innes); *Awakened*, by F. M. F. Skene, the *Christian World Annual* (Clarke & Co.); the *Christmas Bookseller*; *Crookleigh*, by Silas K. Hocking (Warne & Co.); *A Son of the Morning*, by Sarah Doudney (Hodder & Stoughton); *A Long Delay*, by Thomas Keyworth (Warne & Co.); *Joint Guardians*, by Evelyn Everett-Green (Religious Tract Society); *Life and Adventures of a Very Little Monkey* (Swan Sonnenschein); *Dick's Dog*, by Ascott R. Hope (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo); *Dan*, by A. J. F. (Whittingham); *The Reverse of the Picture*, by K. Butt (Edinburgh: Grant); *Children's Prayers*, by Sarah Watson, illustrated by Jane M. Dealy and F. Marriott (Eyre & Spottiswoode), and *The Sphinx Puzzle Alphabet* (Dean & Son).

In illustration and letterpress the Christmas numbers this year

are much as they have been for years past. The coloured plates are perhaps larger than ever and a trifle more hot and disagreeable in tone; but the sentiment is of the right kind, the themes are as ancient and the "carnations" of the ruddy children depicted are as amazing as ever. The English edition of the *Figaro Illustré* (Spencer Blackett) differs from the rest in this matter, though Messrs. Boussod & Valadon's chromotypogravures are not invariably successful. The best is "Love's Repose," after Jean Aubert, a delicate piece of work. The number is a good one on the whole. Among the contributors are M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Octave Feuillet, M. Ambroise Thomas, and M. Alphonse Daudet. M. Fabre's "Cathinelle" is cleverly illustrated; M. Louis Morin's vivacity is well displayed both in the text and sketches of "La Permission de Dix Heures"; and a page of designs by the imitable humourist and caricaturist, Caran d'Ache, is excellently gay and whimsical. The cover of the *Figaro* is, of course, not without taste in design. That of the *Graphic* is inoffensive; the remainder are more or less trying, and that of the *Illustrated London News* is a prodigy of ugliness, though within it is full of good things, such as Mr. Bret Harte's "A Phyllis of the Sierras," illustrated by Mr. Caton Woodville. The *Graphic* contains a story by Mr. W. E. Norris, a good chromo after Mr. Burton Barber's picture, "A Mischievous Puppy," and a variety of drawings in colour by Sidney P. Hall, Arthur Hopkins, F. Dadd, and others. The Christmas number of the *Queen* is prettily illustrated, and in other respects full of variety. Cassell's Christmas Annual, *Yule Tide*, is made up of a new story for the season by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, entitled "The Adventures of John Nicholson," and several chromo-lithographs of the ordinary type. Short illustrated stories and a wonderful chromo of a child who is evidently suffering from a surfeit of sweets or painted toys comprise the Christmas number of the *Lady. Life* and *Vanity Fair* do not differ from previous issues of the kind; the latter contains a novelette, "The Fatal Philtre," by the Earl of Desart.

We have received two Jubilee albums for photographs, both illustrated and handsomely bound. *Our Queen and Country* (Marcus Ward & Co.) contains designs in colour, is tastefully mounted, and fitted for every description of photograph. The *Victoria Album* (T. J. Smith, Son, & Downes) is very prettily ornamented by floral designs in gold and sepia sketches of scenes and incidents of Her Majesty's life and reign.

Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh forward samples of the old-established Blackwood's Diaries, among which are the Shilling Scribbling Diary, the "Desk Diary, No. 4," the handy "National Pocket-Book"; and an assortment of Pettit's Diaries and Calendars, including the Octavo Scribbling Diary, the "Library Almanac" for hanging on a wall—a capital device—and "The Week," a useful engagement calendar in block form.

We have also received Kate Greenaway's "Almanac for 1888" (Routledge & Sons), a charming little book, with exquisite drawings in colour of pretty children peeping from cottage windows in graceful attitudes, and a series of old-fashioned flowers arranged in posies.

#### FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE art of making illustrated gift-books pleasing to the eye has never flourished in England and now seems almost lost. It is hopeless, apparently, to protest against the undeviating ugliness of colour and design that characterizes the bindings of our boys' books. More pretentious volumes, however, exhibit similar excesses in gilding and crude dyes, while the few bindings that show any attempt at design this season for the most part only succeed in reconciling us to the absence of all design in the majority. French books betray their origin by their covers, even when the binding is of mere cloth, or silk, or some other of the cheaper and more perishable materials in common use. We have a capital example of this in the elegant and truly decorative design, in pale olive, white, and gold, on the cover of a volume of sonnets and etchings entitled *Feuilles Glanées; Poésies Inédites* (Paris: Librairie de L'Art). There is nothing sumptuous in the appearance of this pretty book, and it may be taken as a fair sample of what French taste and skill may effect with ordinary materials. The harmonious exterior admirably accords with the contents. Many distinguished French poets and etchers are happily allied in honouring the art of Metz and Paul Potter, Boucher and Fragonard, La Tour, Ehrmann, Constable, Millet, Meissonier, and other masters, while the graceful and always fluent invention of M. Habert-Dys is strikingly exemplified in the *cals-de-lampe* and other ornamental designs in the text. Poems written for pictures are not often remarkable for vigour and warmth of inspiration, and not a few of these sonnets are flat and languid, though the work of eminent hands. The sonnet by M. Henri Berès, for instance, written for the etching by M. Brunet-Debaines, after Constable's "Cottage," is a pretty essay in description, but scene and sentiment alike are French, not English, and scarcely accord with the painting. M. Charles Grandmougin contributes a *sonnet dialogué* in illustration of M. Meissonier's "Les Deux Lansquenets," etched by M. Léopold Flameng, the poetry of which is not comparable with the etcher's skill. M.M. Théodore de Banville, Paul Bourget, Catulle Mendès, Adrien Dézamy, Sully-Prudhomme, and Philippe Gille may be named among the poets whose powers are fairly represented. The best of the etchings, and some of these are excellent, are M.

Waltner's "La Bohémienne," after Ricard; M. Flameng's "Le Peseur d'Or," after Metz; M. Rajon's "Cortigiana," after Blanchard; M. Didier's "Madeleine," after Henner; and M. Daumont's "La Ménagère," after F. Bonvin.

The splendid volume which Messrs. Plon produced a year or so ago on St. Francis is appropriately followed by a somewhat smaller, but still beautiful, monograph on the Magdalen of the early Minorites, *Sainte Marguerite de Cortone* (Paris: Plon). Le R. P. L. de Chérami, the good father who undertakes the letterpress, is a little professional, and sometimes a little penny-a-lining in style. "Vers l'âge de quinze ans, emportée par ce besoin d'affection qui est naturel au cœur de la jeune fille, Marguerite s'épanche au dehors, et sans manquer aux délicatesses d'une conscience chrétienne de chercher dans la société des jeunes filles de son âge et les bruyantes réunions le bonheur que lui refusait le foyer paternel," is surely poor stuff. But he is learned and conscientious, and the adornments of his book are exceedingly beautiful. A special feature of it, besides numerous woodcuts of scenery, sculpture, and so forth, are chapter-headings with coloured heraldic blazonry, which is very effective.

M. Biart's Christmas book of juvenile science, *Grandpère Maxime* (Paris: Plon), is a handsome quarto, telling how an old person, who was a chemist and a Christian, harboured two orphans, taught them both his chemistry and his Christianity—the latter, no doubt, much to the indignation of the Paris Municipality—and invented an infallible manure. The story is pretty, and the chemistry is sound. M. Moulignié's illustrations are an agreeable variety on the eternal Zier and the no less eternal Tofani.

M. Plon publish this year three of the handsome oblong coloured albums of which M. de Monvel's capital nursery-songs have been hitherto the type. One, *La civilité puerile et honnête*, is by M. de Monvel himself, and, omitting one or two representations of practices puerile, but not *honnête*, is very comical and pretty. The infant beau kissing the hand of the infant beauty could not be bettered by M. de Monvel's mistress in art, Miss Greenaway. Small French boys, whether neat or nasty, always strike English eyes as rather unnatural little creatures, but the girls are charming, and the chairs and wash-handstands sublime. The shy infant hiding under a sofa at p. 16 is agreeable, and so are the wicked youths who are setting a puppy at the baker's boy's legs. The scenes with the "professor" are also good, and still more those with the music-mistress, and the dinner-table pieces, and the good child at the call (p. 39), and, in short, nearly everything, keeping the juvenile "bear-fights" at 44 and 45 in more especial memory. "Mars" has followed up *Nos chéris* with *Compères et compagnons*, in which his usual elegant, if rather overdressed, children play all sorts of games with all sorts of birds and beasts, dogs and cats being, of course, the most frequent, but all manner of others also occurring. The plates, if a little monotonous in character, are various enough in subject, and very prettily coloured and designed. The best are perhaps "l'oncle Gontran" running a four-footed race with the great dog, his small niece being "up," and the same uncle's "new hat and umbrella stand," a stuffed gorilla, which causes much alarm to his nephews.

The most witty of the three, however, is beyond all question "Crafty's" *La chasse à tir*, which might be called in English "The Young Sportsman's Progress." "Crafty," who has never better deserved the title of the French Leech than here, shows the youth from his first acquisition of a gun *aux prises* with all kinds of game; some of the sports, such as "daring" larks, being now (unless we mistake) extinct in England, though once common, and interesting in that way. Moreover, each plate is not a mere sketch, but a finished picture, and the amount of character is without exaggeration very considerable. We may single out the plate exhibiting the varied disgust in countenance and attitude of the old hands at a shoot as the young hand drives up. All these albums ought to be much better known in England than they are.

This album, however, is by no means the largest performance of the "French Leech" this year. "Crafty" has a mighty octavo entitled *Les Chasseurs*, pure and simple (Calmann Lévy), crammed with drawings (not, indeed, coloured nor so completely finished as those of the smaller and daintier volume, but much more numerous and varied), and furnished with letterpress by no less a person than "Gyp." We have more than once admitted that the sternness of our virtue both as moralists and critics is altogether melted by the literary smiles of this fascinating lady. To know "Gyp" (we speak purely of literary knowledge) is to love her, for all but the sourest of Puritans or the most wooden-headed of Philistines. But we had not apprehended in her such a mastery (for the dog-in-the-mangerishness of languages created by men affords no feminine term) of sport and the language of sport. A good deal of the very considerable matter of the book is of course made up of conversation (in a wide and varied sense) at the dinner-table and other places as well as in the field; but the field itself, and the stable and the kennel, and all manner of other scenes, receive from "Gyp" the attentions of a serious *connaisseuse* (if there is such a word) as well as those of an ingenious and gifted writer. To say that the fair author's favourite topic is kept out would not be true. Country-house life has never been considered as exactly ill suited to flirtation, and we all know what flirtation means with "Gyp"—meaning, perhaps, requiring the services of some modern Charles Lamb to explain it quite away. "What shall he have that killed the deer?" as a greater than "Gyp" sang some centuries ago. But the subjects are abundantly varied from the actual inci-

dents of the chase through a great number of other things to the sufferings of hospitable entertainers who make martyrs of themselves to please their guests, and are partly bored to death and partly abused in return. Besides all this there are certain episodes more loosely connected with the main theme. The most amusing of these by far is "La dernière conspiration légitimiste." A company of gentlemen who support a subscription pack meet to hear the annual report, &c., and as they are, of course, all very decidedly of the Right, the citizens of the small country town, in the chief inn of which they are meeting, decide that it is a plot against the Republic. There is no particular *dénouement*; but plenty of fun is got out of the contrast of the actual proceedings (which, true to nature, consist chiefly of frivolous conversation and resolute refusals to attend to the long-suffering treasurer) and the comments outside. It is almost needless to say that "Gyp" has been well supported by "Crafty," who has lavished sketches of dogs, men, ladies, guns, horses, carriages, dinner-tables, and heaven knows what else all over the pages with inexhaustible energy, and generally with excellent effect. Only once have we caught his pencil out, and that is when he represents "la belle Madame de Vespétre" by a really hideous personage, so hideous that we thought at first that the *belle* of the text must have been written sarcastic, till we found it was not so. Altogether, the book is full of fun of all sorts, and at least the greater part of it is absolutely inoffensive. Let us conclude by noting the greatest instance of even "Gyp's" audacity that we have ever seen. She has dared to represent an English governess to the French public as pretty!! And "Crafty," a worthy compatriot of such daring, has drawn the young lady without long teeth!!!

The new edition (which bears "Collection Calmann Lévy" at the head and Maison-Quantin at the foot of its title-page) of *Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre* (Paris: Quantin) is in the general scheme of its series worthy of both the famous houses mentioned. Some people might urge that a novel is a thing to read, and that a smaller and more handy size would be desirable; but gift books are gift books. The portrait of the author, which serves as frontispiece, is excellent, and the execution of all the engravings is faultless. M. Mouchot, the artist, however, pleases us less in his designs. The heroine is not a person for whom we ourselves should care to take the chance of a broken neck; and the famous central scene is very poorly composed; so that, instead of swooping down from heaven to earth in a magnificent fashion, the poor and good young man appears to be half kneeling on a gutter and half clinging to a branch. However, it was, no doubt, not an easy thing to show.

The second of the splendid volumes of description of foreign countries which the same firm began last year is devoted to *L'extrême Orient* (Paris: Quantin), and the author of the letter-press is M. Paul Bonnetain. As for the illustrations, not less may be said for the engraving or processing of them and more for the design than in the case of the volume last noticed. The only fault we can find is that the connexion with the text is sometimes looser than it should be in a perfect book of the kind. For the text itself, it is rather unequal. M. Bonnetain has here set some writing which is not only unobjectionable but positively good to his name, but he has been unable to keep the Chauvinist devil out. The oddest utterance of the said devil is the complaint of being called "a Frenchman." We never heard of any countryman of ours who thought it an insult to be called an Englishman. But letterpress is not the first thing in such a book, and that which is the first thing, the illustration, could hardly be better.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE two first books on our list (which is all composed of novels this week) are examples of a kind of get-up not common in England—the novel of cheap, but not nasty, price and arrangement, plentifully illustrated. We do not profess to know quite how it is done, but it is. *Paysanne* (1) and the other stories which accompany it are well written and well intentioned, but the author has in the first rather displaced the promise of interest. The peasant girl suffering from the fate of the Lady of Burleigh is something of a commonplace, if not (as, according to one story, Diderot originated Rousseau's great paradox by saying) something of a *pont-aux-dînes*. M. Morand's book (2) is a kind of comic *Tentation de St.-Antoine*, in which the saint and his usual companion are introduced to Parisian life as a last trial of their virtue. The idea was hardly strong enough to bear more than a short tale, and the execution is unequal, but not unfrequently amusing. The pig especially has received justice at the hands both of penman and penciller, and is very agreeable. Indeed, M. Pille's illustrations are decidedly good all through. It cannot be said that *Bon-Repos* (3) is a pleasant book. It is moral according to the newest French, and a very old English system of morality—that is to say, people commit all sorts of faults, and then are punished for them in a grievous and grisly fashion. That husband and lover both go mad is only one of its details. It is not ill written, but the author has not quite succeeded in emphasizing the character of his heroine

and her inherited strain of viciousness after the fashion which alone could have made his book tolerable. The hero is an actor, and there are incidentally some clever strokes at "cabotinage." One takes up any book bearing the name of the author of *Carl Robert* (4) with respect; though it is not quite sufficient to have had a husband and a mother of genius in order to be a successful novelist. M. Charles Deton shows in *Les amours d'un magistrat* (5) a power of observation which is unluckily not yet accompanied by much power of expression. The book contains a curious and probably *vécu* experience of the violent party feelings excited some years ago by the persecution of the religious orders in France, and of the struggles in the mind of an official charged with executing those orders. It has also some well-observed sketches of provincial life and character. But there is a great dryness both of style and general tone about it. M. Gandillot's (6) tales (for there are several in his volume) are busied with young persons who are not, on the whole, a great deal better than they should be, and some of the motives are not very original, while the general bent of the satire is a very little conventional. Here and there, however, the author has in his own way struck a true note, and struck it well, as in the charming story of the model "Mademoiselle Zaza," whose sentiments were sound and uncommon, though her practice was usually lax, and in the tragic-comic catastrophe which follows the mature deliberation of the virtuous Mariette whether she shall continue virtuous or not. A new edition of M. Diguet's honourably-by-the-Academy-mentioned *Karita* (7) may be chronicled, and the theatrical sketches of *Florival et Cie* (8) appear to possess actuality. The author or one of the authors of *Le testament de Berthe* (9) tells us that the book resulted from his "deploiring the naturalist tendencies." We think our proofs are sufficiently made on this point; but we are bound to say that M. Tailhand has almost made us regret M. Huysmans. The virtuous wife of his story—a detestable person—calls divorce in a letter to her husband a law "désorganisatrice." Dés-Or-Gan-L-Satrice! We like divorce little; but, if there is a just cause of it, it is the use by a wife of words of six syllables. Mme. Mary Summer has admirers, and to them we need only remark that her last Revolution novel (10) deals chiefly with the Norbury House society and the fortunes of the *émigrés* in England. M. Armand Beyra's *L'honneur et le sang* (11) is a somewhat disproportionate account of the causes which brought on and postponed a military duel. It is too long for its theme; and the same, though for different reasons, may be said of *Mlle. de Roquemaure* (12), which, however, people who like distinguished characters may enjoy. *L'affaire Gauliot* (13), as its title indicates, is a legal novel; and *La chasse aux Juifs* (14) is also straightforwardly titled, and deals with Russia in the present day.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**ESSAYS, Chiefly on Poetry**, in two volumes, by Aubrey De Vere (Macmillan & Co.), comprise a variety of critical articles on poetry and ethics, originally contributed, with two exceptions, to the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and other Reviews, and now reprinted in condensed form. The more prominent among these essays deal with the philosophy and characteristics of Spenser's poetry, the genius and passion of Wordsworth, and the works of Sir Henry Taylor. "Characteristics of Spenser," which was written for Dr. Grosart's edition of the poet, and "Spenser as a Philosophic Poet," will be less familiar to the general reader than the essays on Wordsworth. They are graceful and sympathetic, though less interesting, because less fervid in conviction, than the other and better known criticisms. In his brief but instructive "Recollections of Wordsworth" the author relates how he was converted from a perfectly laudable enthusiasm for Byron to the single-hearted devotion to the Wordsworthian ideal which shines with a lambent constancy in these pages. He read by chance "Laodamia," and was at once subjected to the stronger and more spiritual domination. "Some strong, calm hand seemed to have been laid on my head, and bound me to the spot till I had come to the end. As I read, a new world, hitherto unimagined, opened itself out, stretching far away into serene infinitudes." Mr. Aubrey De Vere's excursions into these lofty regions of ampler ether and diviner air are of the meditative and devotional kind that accords admirably with the spirit of the poet, and need no commendation at this date to the multitude that read his poetry. There may be some, perhaps, not less reverential than Mr. De Vere whose faith is not sufficient to accept his ingenious apology for Wordsworth's extraordinary lapses into dreary platitudes and prosiness, or to regard them as "exceptional passages of a merely didactic nature," in which, as Mr. De Vere thinks, the poet drops nearly

(4) *Carl Robert*. Par Mme. Clésinger-Sand. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Les amours d'un magistrat*. Par C. Deton. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Les filles de Jean de Miller*. Par L. Gandillot. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Karita*. Par C. Diguet. Deuxième édition. Paris: Perrin.

(8) *Florival et Cie*. Par Samson-Creslonis. Paris: Ollendorff.

(9) *Le testament de Berthe*. Par A. Tailhand. Paris: Perrin.

(10) *Le fiancé d'Yvonne*. Par M. Summer. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(11) *L'honneur et le sang*. Par A. Beyra. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(12) *Mlle. de Roquemaure*. Par la Comtesse da Castellani-Aquaviva. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(13) *L'affaire Gauliot*. Par P. Lebarrière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(14) *La chasse aux Juifs*. Par M. Delines. Paris: Dupret.

(1) *Paysanne*. Par Jeanne Mairet. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(2) *Le roman de Paris*. Par E. Morand. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Bon-Repos*. Par P. Chaperon. Paris: Lemerre.

to the level of Cowper. The attempt to reconcile the author of the *Excursion* with the poet of the Odes and the "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty" is one of the most suggestive features of these thoughtful essays.

Another harvesting from various periodicals is represented by Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Memories and Portraits* (Chatto & Windus). Many of the essays in this miscellaneous volume will be familiar to magazine readers, and among these are some of the more characteristic and finished productions of the author, such as the two papers on "Talk and Talkers," "A Penny Plain and 2d. Coloured," and "The Character of Dogs." The remainder are of unequal merit, and scarcely respond to the somewhat superfluous "Note" that introduces them, or to the rather grandiose title. The latter, indeed, suggests portals of palatial proportions where a humbler style of entry would better harmonize with the interior. Readers of *Kidnapped* will be interested in "Memoirs of an Islet," a charming paper of youthful reminiscences relating to the little isle of Earraid. A capital character sketch, entitled "An Old Scotch Gardener," is reprinted from a defunct college magazine, and is apparently a juvenile essay, though by no means the least notable in the little volume.

*Word Portraits of Famous Writers*, edited by Matel E. Wotton (Bentley), is one of the oddest examples of book-making we know of. It consists of a collection of personal descriptions of famous authors of this and the last centuries, drawn from many sources, arranged in alphabetical order. It attempts to set forth in each individual peculiarities of manner, speech, colour of hair and eyes, complexion, features, and all of man that outward show reveals. The results are a little bewildering, and not very profitable. Self-description on a Galtonian plan might, if the material existed, produce interesting matter for speculation. The nearest approach to this is supplied by Mrs. Inchbald. The author of *A Simple Story* describes her face as "beautiful in effect, and beautiful in every feature," and her countenance is said to have been "voluptuous, without indelicacy." This is truly feminine, if a little vague.

Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore's *How to Write the History of a Family* (Elliot Stock) is a useful and systematic handbook to a complex subject, and a practical treatise on the manifold sources of information open to the genealogist. Family historians seldom show the lucid arrangement of material which is most desirable in genealogical studies, and any attempt at simplification should be welcome when combined with a sound scientific method. Mr. Phillimore's suggestions merit the attention of all who are engaged in compiling family memoirs and pedigrees.

The merit of simplicity rightly belongs to the extremely interesting *Genealogy of the Pepys Family*, compiled by Walter Courtenay Pepys (Bell & Sons). Although this little book deals with a period of 600 years, the number of persons that now bear the name of the immortal diarist appears to be curiously small. Mr. Pepys estimates the number of those who represent the Cottenham family and its branches at forty-two, and he thinks there is no other family of the name. The majority of these reside in London and Worcestershire, nine only living out of England. Twenty-eight are descendants of Sir W. W. Pepys, the first baronet, whose second son was Lord Chancellor and first Earl of Cottenham, and whose third son became Bishop of Worcester. The Pepys family held land in Cambridgeshire at least as early as 1273. Mr. Pepys cites seventeen distinct spellings of the name. He gives the pedigrees of the Cottenham family from the Norfolk visitation of 1585 and the Cambridge visitations of 1619 and 1684, adding elaborate pedigree tables of the Impington, Essex, and Norfolk branches, and a final general table indicating the genealogy of surviving branches of the family. Mr. Pepys refers to the singular fact that Samuel Pepys, the diarist, never once mentions his cousin once removed, Richard Pepys, Chief Justice of Ireland, though he was not forgetful of his high family connexions. Among the interesting notes of family history in this compilation are some curious letters written by the Chief Justice to his sons.

English musicians and amateurs may be commended to the critical memoir of the leading composer of the times—*Johannes Brahms: a Biographical Sketch* (Fisher Unwin), translated from the German of Dr. Hermann Deiters by Rosa Newmarch, edited, with a preface, by J. A. Fuller Maitland. To the original and excellent little study of the composer the editor appends a succinct and admirable review of the more recent development of the musician who is rightly regarded by Dr. Deiters as the sole successor to Beethoven and the most distinguished creative force in modern music.

A second instalment of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), edited by Mr. A. W. Pollard, forms the latest addition to the "Parchment Library."

Allan Cunningham's *Traditional Tales* (Routledge), edited by Professor Henry Morley, is the most recent volume in the "Universal Library," and worth reprinting if only for the effective ballads that are scattered among these legendary stories.

*Among the Cape Kaffirs*, by Ernest Glanville (Swan Sonnen-schein), comprises some bright sketches of life in South Africa, and is, on the whole, a lively and readable story.

We have received *Letters to Our Working Party* (Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *Organ Building for Amateurs*, a practical illustrated handbook, by Mark Wicks (Ward, Lock, & Co.); the ninth volume of *Present Day Tracts*, by various writers (Religious Tract Society); *Novae Arundines*, by H. Hailstone, second edition (Macmillan & Bowes); *Sister Lucetta*; and other Poems, by Zitella Tompkins (Kegan Paul); *Disillusion*; and other Poems, by

Ethel M. de Fonblanque (Fisher Unwin); Part V. of the reissue of *Our River*, by G. D. Leslie, R.A. (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.); *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, Semitic Series, Part IV., edited by Ad. Neubauer (Oxford: Clarendon Press); *China*, translated from the French of G. Eug. Simon (Sampson Low & Co.); *Railway Tariffs and the Interstate Commerce Law*, by E. R. A. Seligmann (Boston: Ginn), and Vol. XXVIII. of the *Transactions of the Institute of Naval Architects* (Sotheran).

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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